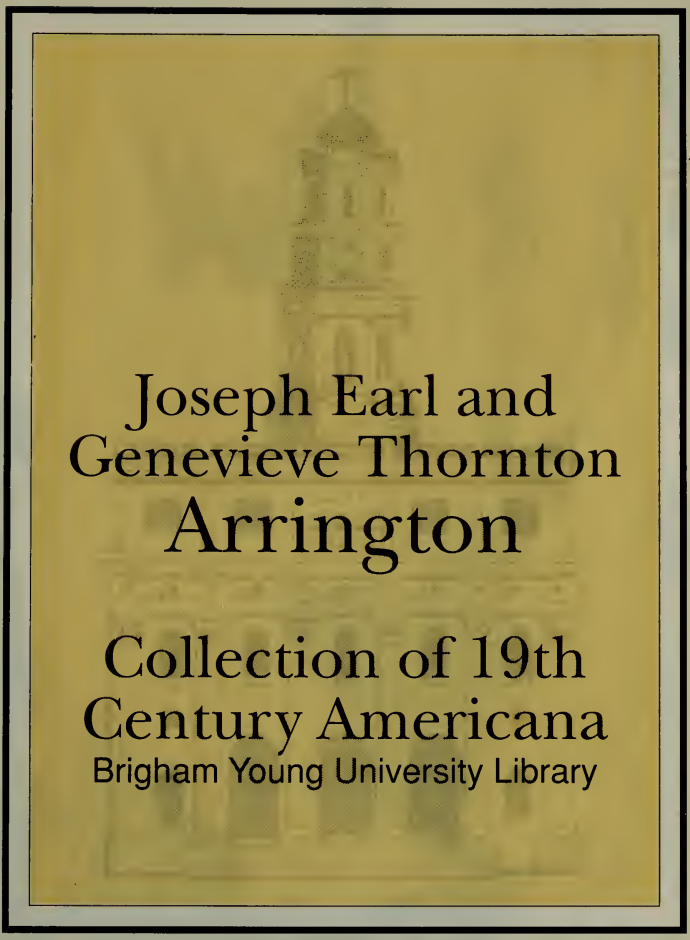
Joseph Earl and
Genevieve Thornton
Arrington
Collection of 19th
Century Americana
Brigham Young University Library

PUBLISHED BY JAMES MILLER, 522 BROADWAY.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning's Poems.

An entirely new edition, and now complete, containing a Memoir by THEODORE TILTON, and a steel engraved Portrait.

4 Volumes, blue and gold, . . $3.00.
4 Volumes, brown cloth, . 3.00.

ALSO, IN A SEPARATE FORM,

Last Poems:

With a Memorial by THEODORE TILTON, . 75 cents.

Aurora Leigh,

And other Poems, ... 75 cents.

Festus.

By PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

1 Volume, blue and gold, . . 75 cents.

Pycroft's Course of English Reading,

Adapted to every taste and capacity. A new edition. 1 Volume, 12mo, ... 75 cents.

Undine and Sintram.

Translated from the German of FOUQUE. A new edition. 1 Vol., 12mo, . . . 75 cents.

PUBLISHED BY JAMES MILLER, 522 BROADWAY.

Friends in Council:

A Series of Readings, and Discourse Thereon. By ARTHUR HELPS. 4 Vols., 12mo, cloth, . $3.00

The Artist's Married Life;

Being that of Albert Dürer. Translated from the German of Leopold Schefer by Mrs. J. R. STODART. Revised edition, with a Memoir and Portrait. 12mo, cloth, ... 88 cents.

Lays of Ancient Rome,

And other Poems. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. 12mo, ... 75 cents.

Essays on Art by Goethe:

Translated by SAMUEL GRAY WARD. . 63 cents.

Sartor Resartus.

By THOMAS CARLYLE. 12mo, . . 63 cents.

Paley's Evidences of Christianity:

With Annotations by RICHARD WHATELY, D. D., Archbishop of Dublin. 1 Volume, octavo, cloth, $1.75.

Bacon's Essays:

With Annotations by the same Author, and to match the above in size. . . . . $2.50.

ESSAYS ON ART

BY

GOETHE.

TRANSLATED BY

SAMUEL GRAY WARD.

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY JAMES MILLER,
(SUCCESSOR TO C. S. FRANCIS & CO.,)
522 BROADWAY.
1862.

PREFACE.

The name of Artist, as applied to Goethe, is familiar to all the world. This title was owing not so much to the artistic feeling and knowledge conspicuous in his great works, as to those admirable writings, in which the nature of Art, and its relations to Man and to Life, are developed. In fact, in his prose writings this subject is rarely forgotten, and if it shall seem to any one that an undue portion of his intellectual activity was devoted to its development, a careful study of his works will make it appear that Art is with him not a single side of humanity, but a medium for

viewing all humanity, a core around which all knowledge, all experience, all science, all the ideal as well as all the practical of our nature, arrange themselves into one harmonious whole, which in the desultory acquirements of men so often stand in contradiction. It is in this view, that Art, as a part of cultivation, is deserving of that large place which he has given to it.

The present translation includes several of the most important of his essays upon this subject. As they have not, to my knowledge, appeared in English, a few words of introduction may not be out of place.

The first eight pieces are from Goethe's contributions to the Propylæum, a periodical paper, devoted to art. The "Introduction to the Propylæum" may serve as a general introduction to our author's works on this subject, and will give an idea of the earnestness of his views, and the strictness of his requirements, where Art was in question.

The essay "Upon the Laocoon," is at once

an admirable critique upon that group, and upon the whole ground of high art.

The "Collector," consists of a series of letters, giving a graceful picture of a society, where art, equally free from pedantry and dilettantism, is the main subject of interest. But the more serious object of the piece is to give an idea of the progress of art, to indicate clearly the elements necessary to its perfection, and to show how the true balance of these elements is to be attained. It contains a whole Philosophy of Art.

Passing over several smaller pieces, we come to the "Pictures of Philostratus." This may be regarded, on the one hand, as the most perfect restoration that has ever been made of ancient pictorial art, and, on the other, as a series of illustrations of the principles laid down in the previous essays. It will be particularly valuable to the artist, as giving an idea of the principles to be observed in the choice and treatment of subjects of a high ideal nature.

The other essays have all a bearing upon art, but do not call for remark, except that on Dilettantism, to which a short note is prefixed.

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION TO THE PROPYLÆUM.

The youth, when he begins to feel the attraction of Nature and Art, believes that by an earnest effort he shall soon be able to pierce to the inmost sanctuary; the man finds, after long wandering up and down, that he is still upon the threshold.

This consideration has been the occasion of our title; the Step, the Door, the Entrance, the Antechamber, the space between the Inner and the Outer, the Sacred and the Profane, is the place we choose as a common ground of intercourse with our friends.

Neither will it be foreign to our object, if by this word *Propylæum*, the reader is reminded of that edifice, that led to the Citadel of Athens and the Temple of Minerva; only let no one attribute to us the presumption of attempting here a like work of art and magnificence. By the name of the place, we would suggest to the reader's mind the things that were done there, and have him expect discussions and conversations that may perhaps not be unworthy of the scene.

Will not Thinkers, Scholars, Artists, be drawn to

pass their best hours in such a scene; to dwell, in imagination at least, among a people who possessed by nature that perfection that we wish for and never attain; who, in a continued sequence of time and life, developed a culture in fair and constant succession, that appears, among us, only transitorily and piece-meal?

What modern nation does not owe its artistic culture to the Greeks? and in various ways, what nation more than the German?

Thus much in explanation of our symbolic title, if indeed it be necessary. Let it stand as a memento that we are to depart as little as possible from classic ground. Let its brevity and significance inform those friends of art whom we hope to interest in the present work, that it is to contain the observations and reflections of a circle of harmoniously united friends upon Nature and Art.

He that is called to be an artist should constantly bear in mind, that he is to give all his attention to objects and their parts, and at the same time that he makes a practical application of such observations, will by degrees accustom himself to note more and more closely; in the beginning of his course, he will do his best to make everything tell for his own advantage. Afterwards, he will be glad to impart to others; and thus, it is now our purpose to relate and lay before our readers many things that we have noted down, under various circumstances, in past years, which we trust will be both useful and agreeable.

But who is there that will not agree that pure observations are more rare than is generally believed? We are so ready to mix up our own imaginations, opinions, judgments, with what comes under our notice, that we do not long retain the quiet position of observers, but begin to make reflections, upon which we ought not to lay any weight, except so far as we can rely upon the culture and natural disposition of our minds.

We shall be inspired with stronger confidence in this matter, by the consideration of the harmonious relation in which we stand towards others; by the knowledge that we are thinking and working not alone, but in common. The anxious doubt, whether our way of thinking is not peculiar to ourselves, which so often comes over us when we hear others express convictions directly the reverse of ours, will be softened, and by degrees disappear, when we find ourselves in company with others. Then we shall begin to step with confidence, and congratulate ourselves on the possession of principles verified by our own and others' long experience.

When several persons live together in friendly intercourse, at the same time that they have a common interest to advance their culture, and keep in view separate, closely united aims, they feel that they are coming in contact in the greatest possible variety of ways, and that even a direction that seems to lead to their separation, will soon happily reunite them.

Who has not felt what profit, in such cases, results from conversation? But conversation has no permanence; and though we do not lose any portion of the results of a mutual interchange of acquisition, the memory of the means by which they were arrived at disappears.

The steps of such a common progress are better preserved by means of a correspondence by letter. Each moment of growth is thus fixed, and while our attainment gives us a feeling of satisfaction, we shall derive advantage from a backward look at the process of growth, which gives us reason to hope for ceaseless future progress.

Brief notes, in which we set down from time to time our thoughts, convictions, and wishes, in order to return and converse with ourselves after an interval of time, are also an excellent means of aiding our own culture, and that of others; a means that no one should neglect, when we consider the short space of time allotted to life, and the many hindrances we meet with in the way of advancement.

It will be seen, that we are now speaking of an interchange of ideas among friends, who have a common aim of artistic and scientific cultivation At the same time, so great an advantage ought not to be neglected in a life of action in the world.

But in matters of art and science, a limited connection of this sort is not sufficient; to stand in some relation to the Public, is equally agreeable and necessary. Whatever a man does or thinks, of gen-

eral concern, belongs to the world, which in time brings to maturity whatever it can appropriate of the efforts of individuals. The desire for applause which the writer feels, is an instinct that nature has implanted in him, to draw him on to something higher. He thinks he has achieved the laurel, but soon perceives that a more laborious cultivation of all his faculties is necessary, to hold fast the public favor, which through fortune and accident may be retained for a few short moments.

In early times, the writer perceived this significance in his relation to the public, and even in later days he cannot dispense with it. However little he may seem called to give instruction, he still feels the need of imparting to others with whom he has a sympathy, but who are scattered up and down in the world. He wishes by this means to renew his relations with old friends, to strengthen those friendships now existing, and to acquire others in the new generation for the remainder of his term of life. He wishes to spare the young those circuitous ways in which he wandered up and down, and whilst he observes and profits by the advantages of the present time, preserves the recollection of earlier and more meritorious endeavors.

Our little company has been formed with this earnest aim; may a serene state of mind accompany our undertaking, and time discover whither we are bound.

The essays which we intend to publish, though

the work of separate hands, will, we hope, never be found to stand in contradiction with each other, even when the ways of thinking of the authors are not altogether alike. No two men see the world just alike, and different characters will apply in different ways a principle that both equally acknowledge. Nay, the same man will often see and judge things differently. Early convictions must give way to more mature. May not the opinions that a man thinks and utters, be expected to stand all trials, if he keeps on his way, true to himself and others?

It is the wish and hope of the authors to remain in harmony with each other and a great portion of the public, yet they cannot conceal from themselves that many a discord will be heard from various quarters. This is the more to be expected, because they differ on more than one point from the received opinions. Far from wishing to reprobate or change another's way of thinking, we shall firmly utter our own opinions, and decline or accept the contest as circumstances dictate; but we shall always hold by one creed, and insist perpetually upon those conditions that seem to us indispensable to the formation of an artist. He who has a thing in hand to do, must know how to take sides, or he is not worthy to work anywhere.

In promising to give observations and reflections upon Nature, we would premise that we have in mind such as relate particularly to the plastic arts, and art in general, and also to the general culture of the artist.

The highest demand that can be made of the artist, is still this: — that he shall hold to Nature, study her, imitate her; that he shall produce something resembling her manifestations.

How great, nay immense, this requirement is, we do not often consider; and even the true artist becomes aware of it only by progressive cultivation. Nature and Art are divided by an enormous chasm, which genius itself, without outward assistance, would never be able to step over.

All that we see about us is only raw material; and if it happen rarely enough that an artist succeeds, through instinct and taste, through practice and trial, in appropriating the outward beautiful side of objects, in choosing the best out of the good before him, and at least learns how to produce an agreeable appearance; how much more rarely does it occur, especially in these later times, that the artist is able to penetrate into the depth of his own soul, as well as take the measure of outward objects, and thus, instead of producing works of a merely superficial effect, emulate nature herself, and create a spiritually organic whole, giving to his work an import and a form, that make it seem at once natural and supernatural.

Man is the highest, indeed the proper object of plastic art. An universal knowledge of organic nature is necessary in order to understand and develop him through the labyrinth of his structure. The artist ought also to be theoretically acquainted

with the inorganic bodies, and the general operations of nature, especially such as can be applied to the purposes of art, as, for instance, Sound and Color. But what a circuit he must make if he were obliged laboriously to seek in the schools of the Anatomists, the Naturalists, and Physiologists, for what pertained to his aims; nay, it is even a question whether he would learn the very things most important for him to know; these persons have too much to do to satisfy the demands of their own students, to be able to think of the limited and peculiar wants of the Artist. Here then we mean to step forward, and though we cannot expect to be able to carry out the necessary labors ourselves, it is our intention partly to give a general survey of the subject, and partly to lead the way to an examination of particulars.

The human form cannot be comprehended merely by the contemplation of its surface; the interior must be laid bare, the parts separated, their union considered, their differences known, action and counteraction studied, the concealed, the ground, the foundation of the visible must be learned, if we would truly observe and imitate that which we see moving before our eyes in living waves as one beautiful, undivided whole. The view of the surface of a living body deceives the observer; and we may here as elsewhere call to mind that true saying; What man would see, he must first know. For as a short-sighted man sees an object more clearly when

he is moving away, than when he first approaches it, because the intellectual vision comes now to his aid, so in knowledge lies the perfecting of sight. How admirably the student of Natural History, if he possesses at the same time a knowledge of drawing, is able to imitate objects, because he sees what is important and significant in the parts, out of which springs the character of the whole, and emphasizes it accordingly.

As a clear knowledge of the separate parts of the human form, which he is afterwards to consider again as a whole, is of the highest importance to the artist, so also a general view, a side look, at objects that stand in relation with it, is in a high degree useful, provided he is capable of rising to the contemplation of ideas, and of taking in the close relationship of things apparently remote.

Comparative Anatomy has united all organic natures under one idea; it leads us from form to forms, and while we contemplate near or far removed natures, we rise above them all, to see their individualities in one ideal type. When we have reached this point, we begin to be aware that our attention, in our observations of objects, takes a precise direction; that separate departments of knowledge are, through their analogies, easily acquired and retained; and that we are at last able in the practice of art, to vie with nature, when we have, in some measure at least, caught the method by which she develops her forms.

We would also encourage the artist to pay some attention to inorganic nature, which is now an easy matter, since a knowledge of the mineral kingdom is so conveniently and quickly acquired. The painter needs a knowledge of stones, in order to imitate them characteristically; the statuary and architect, in order to make use of them; the stone engraver cannot dispense with the knowledge of the precious stones; and the connoisseur and amateur should in like manner strive to become acquainted with them all.

In the last place, we have counselled the artist to form an idea of the general operations of nature, that he may the better understand those that particularly interest him, partly in order to add to his culture in various ways, partly for more complete knowledge of what concerns him; and we will add something further upon this significant subject.

Hitherto the painter could only wonder at the scientific knowledge of colors possessed by the natural philosophers, without reaping any advantage from it. Still the natural feeling of the artist, his constant practice, and the necessity of the case led him in a way of his own; he felt the lively contrasts, by juxtaposition of which harmony of coloring is produced; he designated certain qualities by analogous sensations; he had his warm and cold colors; his colors to express distance or nearness; and other designations of this sort, by which he drew nearer to these universal natural laws. Perhaps the conjecture

was arrived at, that the operations of nature in colors, as in magnetism, electricity, and the rest, were based upon a mutual relation, a polarity, or by whatever name the appearance of the two-fold, nay, manifold, as a distinct unity is called.

It shall be our duty to inform the artist circumstantially, and intelligibly upon this subject; and we have good hope of being able to accomplish something that will be welcome to him, inasmuch as it will be our object to explain, and refer to its principles, only so much as he has hitherto drawn from instinct.

So much then in relation to what we hope to impart in regard to Nature; and now for that which is most important as regards Art.

The arrangement of the present work is such, that we shall offer separate treatises, and even these in parts; our wish being not to pull to pieces a whole, but on the contrary to build up a complete whole at last out of manifold parts. It will therefore be needful to announce as soon as possible, in a general and summary way, what the reader will find in our separate elaborations. We shall therefore shortly occupy ourselves with an essay upon plastic art, in which the known rubrics will be displayed, according to our idea and method. In this we shall take special care to set forth the importance of each separate part of art, and to show that the artist cannot neglect any of them with impunity, which nevertheless is, alas, so often done.

In what we have said above, we have regarded Nature as the great general storehouse of materials. We now reach the important point where art itself takes the materials in hand to prepare them.

From the moment the artist lays his hand upon any natural object, that object no longer belongs to Nature, nay it may be said that the artist at that moment creates it, since he appropriates the significant, the characteristic, the interesting, that he finds in it, or rather breathes into it a higher value.

In this way, first, were the beautiful proportions of the human figure, the noble forms, the high character, as it were, forced out, the circle of symmetry, excellence, significance and perfection, was drawn, into which nature gladly brings her most perfect, though elsewhere in her vast field she degenerates so easily into deformity, or loses herself in the indifferent.

Even the same is true of composite works of art, their subject and import, whether they relate to fable or history.

Happy the artist, who, in the very outset of his work, does not take a wrong direction, who understands how to choose, or rather determine, what is suitable for art to attempt.

He who painfully wanders about among the scattered fables or wide-extended histories in search of a subject that shall be learnedly significant or allegorically interesting, will often be obstructed in the midst of his work by unexpected obstacles, or find he has missed his fairest aim, after it is completed.

What is not clearly spoken to the sense, will never produce a clear impression on the mind; and we esteem this matter of so much consequence, that we propose in the very beginning to enter more largely into it.

The subject being happily found or invented, then comes the treatment, which may be divided into spiritual, sensible, and mechanical.

The spiritual, elaborates the subject with reference to its inward relations, discovers the subordinate motives, and as the choice of subject furnishes in general the best criterion of the depth of artistic feeling, so the development of the motives is the measure of its richness, breath, fulness and refinement.

By the sensible, we mean that treatment that makes the work comprehensible, and pleasurably satisfactory to the sense, and by its mild charm satisfies what was felt as an imperative demand. Finally, the mechanical treatment is that which operates through a bodily organ upon certain fixed materials, giving to the work existence and reality.

Whilst it is our earnest wish and hope to be useful to artists, so far as they may avail themselves here and there of our counsel, or experience, we cannot refrain from making the impressive observation, that every undertaking, as well as every man, is exposed to the influences of his time, equally for good or evil; and we cannot, in our own case, entirely put aside the question, what reception we are to look for.

Every thing is subject to eternal change, and when things cannot exist together, they thrust one another aside. The same is true of knowledge, of the training to certain practices, of modes of representation, and of maxims. The objects of men remain always nearly the same; the man still desires to be a good artist, a good poet, just as he did in past ages. But the means by which the objects are to be attained, are not apparent to all, and why should we deny that nothing would be more agreeable than to bring about great designs in sport.

The public has naturally a great influence upon art, and in return for its applause and its money, it expects a work that shall afford it unmixed satisfaction and pleasure, and the artist is for the most part happy to accommodate himself to this expectation; for he too is a part of the public, he received his cultivation in the same days and years, he feels the same wants, his efforts have the same direction, and thus he consents to accompany the multitude that carries him on, and that he animates.

Thus we have seen whole nations and epochs enchanted with their artists, and artists in turn mirrored in their nation and their age, without either having the least suspicion that their way was perhaps not the true way, their taste at the least partial, their art on the decline, their efforts wrongly directed.

Instead of spreading into general remarks, let us

here make an observation that has a particular relation to plastic art.

For the German artist, and for the artist of the modern and northern nations, the transition from the Formless to Form, or even having attained form, to hold it fast, is hard, nay almost impossible.

Let any artist, who has spent some time in Italy, ask himself, Whether the presence of the best works of ancient and modern art, did not inspire him with the desire of studying and imitating the human figure, in its proportions, forms, and character, and to spare no care and pains in this pursuit; to approximate to those self-existent works, and produce something to satisfy the sense, and at the same time raise the soul to its highest regions? But he must also confess, that after his return, he remitted by degrees those efforts, because he found few persons who saw truly what was depicted, but rather such only as regard a work superficially, in order to have something agreeable suggested, and after their fashion feel and enjoy somewhat.

The worst picture can speak to our perception and imagination, for it sets them in motion, makes them free, and leaves them to themselves. The best speaks also to our perceptions, but a higher language, which we are bound to hear. It chains the feelings and the imagination, it holds us fast in spite of ourselves; we cannot act our will with the perfect, we are compelled to give ourselves up to it, to receive ourselves back again, raised and ennobled.

That these are no dreams, we shall endeavor by degrees to prove in our treatment of details; and we shall call particular notice to one contradiction, in which the moderns so often get entangled. They call the ancients their teachers, they attribute to their works an unapproachable perfection, and keep out of sight, both in theory and practice, those very maxims which the ancients constantly adhered to.

Leaving this important point, to which we shall often have occasion to return, we find others of which some notice should be taken.

One of the most striking signs of the decay of art, is when we see its separate provinces mixed up together.

The arts themselves, as well as their varieties, are closely related to each other, and have a great tendency to unite, and even lose themselves in each other; but herein lies the duty, the merit, the dignity of the true artist, that he knows how to separate that department, in which he labors, from the others, and, as far as may be, isolates it.

It has been noticed, that all plastic art tends towards painting, all poetry to the drama; and this remark may hereafter be the occasion of important observations.

The genuine, law-giving artist, strives after artistic truth: the lawless, following a blind instinct, after an appearance of naturalness. The former leads to the highest pinnacle of art, the latter to its lowest step.

This is no less true of the separate arts, than of art in general. The sculptor must think and feel differently from the painter, and must go to work differently to execute a work in relief, from what he would do with a round and complete piece of statuary. When the work in low relief comes to be brought out more and more, and by degrees parts and figures are brought out from the ground, at last buildings and landscapes admitted, and thus a work produced, half picture half puppet-show, true art is on the decline; and it is to be deplored, that excellent artists have in later times taken this direction.

When we hereafter enounce such maxims as we esteem true, it would be our wish, as they are drawn from works of art, to have them practically tested by artists. How seldom does one man agree with another concerning a theoretic principle; the practical and immediately useful is far more quickly adopted. How often do we see artists at a loss in the choice of a subject, in the general composition, according to their rules of art, in the arrangement of details; the painter doubtful about the choice of his colors! Then is the time to make trial of a principle, then will the question be easier to decide; — do we by its aid come nearer to the great models, and all that we love and prize, or does it forsake us in the empirical confusion of an experiment not thoroughly thought out?

If such maxims should prove useful in forwarding the culture of artists, in guiding them among diffi-

culties, they will also aid the understanding, true estimation, and criticism of ancient and modern works, and, *vice versa*, will again be discovered in the examination of these works. This is the more necessary to attend to, since, in spite of the universally acknowledged excellence of the antique, individuals, as well as whole nations, have in modern times often misconceived those very things wherein the highest excellence of those works lies.

A satisfactory trial of these will be the best means of securing us against this evil. Let us now take, as an example, the usual course of proceeding of the amateur in plastic art, in order to make it evident, how necessary a thorough criticism of ancient as well as modern works is, if we would profit by it.

No person, of a fine natural perception, however uncultivated, can see even an imperfect, incorrect cast of a fine ancient work, without being greatly impressed by it; for such a representation still gives the idea, the simplicity and greatness of the form, in a word, the general notion at least, such as a man of imperfect sight would see at a distance.

We may often observe how a strong inclination towards art is awakened through such an imperfect medium. But the effect is analogous to the object that caused it, and such beginners in art are rather impressed with a blind and indefinite feeling, than with the true worth and significance of the object itself. It is such as these, who are the authors of the theory, that a too curious critical examination

destroys our pleasure, and who decry and resist the investigation of details.

But when, by degrees, their experience and knowledge become wider, and a sharper cast in place of the imperfect one, or an original instead of a cast, comes under their observation, with their insight, their satisfaction is also increased, and continually advances, when, at last, the originals themselves, the perfect originals, become known to them.

We are not deterred by the labyrinth of thorough examination, when the details are of equal perfection with the whole work. Nay, we learn to perceive, that we are able to appreciate the perfect, just so far as we are in a condition to discern the defective: to distinguish the restored from the original parts, the copy from the model, to contemplate in the smallest fragments the scattered excellence of the whole, is a satisfaction that belongs only to the perfect connoisseur; and there is a wide difference between the contemplation of an imperfect whole, with groping sense, and the seeing and seizing, with clear eye, a perfect one.

He who devotes himself to any department of knowledge, should aim at the highest. Insight and Practice follow widely different paths, for in the practical, each one soon becomes aware that only a certain measure of powers is meted to him. But a far greater number of men are capable of knowledge, of insight, we may even say that every man is so who can deny himself, subordinate himself to

objects, and does not strive, with a rigid and narrow individuality, to bring in himself, and his poor one-sidedness, amid the highest works of nature and art.

To speak suitably, and with real advantage to one's self and others, of works of art, can properly be done only in their presence. All depends on the sight of the object. On this it depends, whether the word by which we hope to elucidate the work, produce the clearest impression, or none at all.

Hence it so often happens, that the author who writes concerning works of art, deals only in generalities, whereby indeed the mind and imagination are awakened, but of all his readers, he only will derive satisfaction, who, book in hand, examines the work itself.

On this account, therefore, we may in our essays be often in the way to excite rather than gratify the desire of our readers; for there is nothing more natural, than that they should wish to have before their eyes any excellent work of which they read a minute criticism, to enjoy that whole, which is in question, and to subject to their own judgments the opinions they hear concerning the parts.

But whilst it is the expectation of the authors to labor in behalf of those who are already acquainted with some works, and will see others hereafter, we shall try to do what is possible for those who have neither the prospect or the retrospect. We shall make mention of copies, point out where casts from

the antique, or ancient works themselves, particularly those of German art, may be found, and thus forward, as far as in us lies, a true love and knowledge of art.

The history of art can be based only on the highest and most complete conception of art; only through an acquaintance with the most perfect that man has ever been enabled to produce, can the chronological and psychological progress of mankind in art, as in other departments, be displayed; in which at first a limited activity occupied itself in a dry and dismal imitation of the insignificant, as well as the significant, then a more delicate and agreeable feeling of Nature was developed. Afterwards, accompanied by knowledge, regularity, strength and earnestness, aided by favorable circumstances, art rose to the highest point, until at last it became possible for the fortunate genius who found himself surrounded by all these auxiliaries, to produce the enchanting, the perfect.

Unfortunately, works of art, which give themselves forth with such facility, which make men feel themselves so agreeably, which inspire man with clearness and freedom, suggest to the artist who would emulate them, the notion of facility in their production. The last achievement of Art and Genius being an appearance of ease and lightness, the imitator is tempted to make it easy for himself, and to labor at this appearance.

Thus, by degrees, art declines from its high estate,

in the whole as well as in details. But if we would form to ourselves a true conception of art, we must descend to details of details, an occupation by no means always agreeable and alluring, but which richly indemnifies us from time to time with a glance of certainty over the whole.

If we secure to ourselves certain maxims, through the examination of ancient and later works of art, we shall find them particularly needful in our judgment concerning new and late productions; for in forming an estimate of living or lately deceased artists, personal considerations, regard or dislike for individuals, attraction or repulsion of party, are so easily mixed up, that we are still more in need of principles, in order to express a judgment of our contemporaries. The examination is thus doubly aided. The influence of authority is diminished, the cause is brought into a higher court. An opportunity is afforded for proving the principles themselves, as well as their application, and even where we cannot agree, the point in dispute is clearly and certainly ascertained.

We especially desire that living artists, about whose works we may perhaps have something to say, should make trial of our judgments in this way. For every one who deserves this name, is in our time called upon to form, out of his own experience and reflections, if not a theory, at least a certain set of receipts, by the use of which he finds himself aided in various cases. But it must have been fre-

quently remarked, how apt a man is, by proceeding in this way, to advance as principles certain maxims which are commensurate with his talents, his inclinations, his convenience. He is subject to the common lot of mankind. How many in other departments follow the same course. But we do not add to our culture when we simply set in motion without trouble or difficulty what already existed in us. Every artist, like every man, is only a partial being, and will always abide by one side; and therefore a man should take in to himself, as far as possible, that which is theoretically and practically opposed to him. The lively should look about for strength and earnestness, the severe should keep in view the light and agreeable, the strong should look for loveliness, the delicate for strength, and each will thus best cultivate his peculiar nature, while he seems to be going most out of himself. Each art demands the whole man, the highest step of art all humanity.

The practice of the imitative arts is mechanical, and the cultivation of the artist begins naturally, in his earliest years, with the mechanical. The rest of his education is often slighted, whereas it should be far more carefully attended to than that of others, who have the opportunity of learning from life itself. Society soon civilizes the unpolished, a life of business makes the most open circumspect. Literary labors, that by means of the press come before the great public, find resistance and correc-

tion on all hands; while the Artist is for the most part confined to a narrow studio, and has few dealings save with those who pay for his works, with a public that is often guided only by a certain sickly feeling, with connoisseurs who worry him, with auctioneers who receive anything new with formulas of praise and estimation that would not be too high for the most perfect.

But it is time to bring this introduction to an end, lest instead of prefacing the work, it anticipate and forestall it. We have now at least indicated the point from which we mean to start; to what extent we can and may expatiate, we shall gradually come to see. We hope soon to occupy ourselves with the theory and criticism of the poetic art; we shall not exclude any illustrations from life in general, from travel, from the occurrences of the day, when suggested by the significant prompting of the moment.

The locality of works of art, has always been of great importance to the cultivation of artists, as well as the enjoyment of the friends of art. There was a time in which, with few exceptions, they remained for the most part in their proper place and setting; now a great change has been wrought, which cannot fail to have grave consequences for art in general, and in detail.

Perhaps now, more than ever, Italy should be regarded as that great storehouse of art which it was until lately. If it is possible to give a general view of it, we shall be able to show what the world

has lost in the tearing away so many parts from that great and ancient whole.

How much has been destroyed in the act of spoliation will forever remain a secret. It will be possible by and by to give an insight into that new body of art that has been formed in Paris; we shall also consider how the artist or amateur may derive most advantage from France and Italy, whereupon a fair and weighty question arises, viz.: what other nations, and especially German and England, are to do, at this time of scattering and spoliation, in a true cosmopolitan feeling, which can be nowhere more at home than in matters of art and science, with a view to making the treasures of art which lie scattered abroad generally useful; thus helping to form an ideal body of art, that may happily indemnify us for what the present moment tears away or destroys.

Thus much, to give a general idea of a work which we hope may find earnest and willing co-operators.

UPON THE LAOCOON.

A TRUE work of art, like a work of nature, never ceases to open boundlessly before the mind. We examine, — we are impressed with it, — it produces its effect; but it can never be all comprehended, still less can its essence, its value, be expressed in words. In the present remarks concerning the Laocoon, our object is by no means to say all that can be said on the subject; we shall rather make this admirable work the occasion, than the subject, of what we have to say. May it soon be placed once more in a situation where all lovers of art may be able to enjoy, and speak of it, each in his own way.

We can hardly speak adequately of a high work of art, without also speaking of art in general: since all art is comprehended in it, and each one is able, according to his powers, to develop the universal, out of such a special case. We will, therefore, preface with some remarks of a general nature.

All high works of art are expressions of humanity. Plastic art relates particularly to the human

form; it is of this we are now speaking. Art has many steps, in all of which there have been admirable artists; but a perfect work of art embraces all the particulars that are elsewhere encountered separately.

The highest works of art that we know, exhibit to us —

Living, highly organized natures. We look, in the first place, for a knowledge of the human body, in its parts and masses, inward and outward adaptation, its forms and motions generally.

Character. Knowledge of the varieties in form and action of their parts; peculiarities are discriminated, and separately set forth. Out of this, results character, through which an important relation may be established among separate works; and, in like manner, when a work is put together, its parts may hold an analogous relation to each other. The subject may be —

At rest, or in motion. A work, or its parts, may either be self-centred, simply showing its character in a state of rest, or it may be exhibited in movement, activity, or fulness of passionate expression.

Ideal. To the attainment of this, the artist needs a deep, well-grounded, steadfast mind, which must be accompanied by a higher sense, in order to comprehend the subject in all its bearings, to find the moment of expression, to withdraw this from the narrowness of fact, and give to it, in an ideal world, proportion, limit, reality and dignity.

Agreeableness. The subject, and its mode of exhibition, are moreover connected with the sensible laws of art; viz. harmony, comprehensibility, symmetry, contrast, &c.; whereby it becomes visibly beautiful, or agreeable, as it is called.

Beauty. Farther, we find that it obeys the laws of spiritual beauty, which arises from just proportion, and to which he, who is complete in the creation or production of the beautiful, knows how to subject even the extremes.

Having now enounced the conditions which we demand of a high work of art, much will be comprised in a few words, when I say, that our group fulfils them all, nay, that out of them alone could it be developed.

It will be conceded by all, that it exhibits acquaintance with the human form, and with what is characteristic in it, and at the same time expression and passion. In how high and ideal a way the subject is treated, will presently be shown; and no one, who recognizes the harmony with which the extremes of bodily and mental suffering are set forth, can hesitate about calling the work beautiful.

On the other hand, many will think I am uttering a paradox, when I maintain that the work is also *agreeable.* A word upon this point.

Every work of art, must show on the face of it, that it is such; and this can be done only through what we call sensible beauty, or agreeableness. The ancients, far from entertaining the modern no-

tion, that a work of art must have the appearance of a work of nature, designated their works of art as such, through an intentional arrangement of parts; by means of symmetry, they rendered easy for the eye an insight into relations, and thus a complicated work was made comprehensible. Through symmetry and opposition, slight deviations were made productive of the sharpest contrasts. The pains of the artist were most happily bestowed to place the masses in opposition to each other, and particularly in groups, to bring the extremities of the bodies against each other in a harmonious position; so that every work, when we disregard its import, and look only at it its general outline from a distance, strikes the eye by its ornamental air. The antique vases furnish a hundred instances of this sort of agreeable composition, and perhaps it would be possible to exhibit a series of examples of symmetrically artistic and eye-filling groupings, from the most quiet vase-sculptures up to the Laocoon. I shall therefore venture to repeat the assertion, that the group of Laocoon, in addition to its other acknowledged merits, is at once a model of symmetry and variety, of repose and action, of contrast and gradation, which produce an impression partly sensible, partly spiritual, agreeably stimulate the imagination by the high pathos of the representation, and by their grace and beauty temper the storm of passion and suffering.

It is a great advantage for a work of art to be

self-included and complete. An object at rest, exhibiting simple being, is thus complete by and in itself. A Jupiter, the thunderbolt resting in his lap; a Juno, reposing on her majesty and feminine dignity; a Minerva, inwardly intent; are all subjects that have no impulse outwards, that rest upon, and in themselves; the first, the most lovely subjects of sculpture. But within the noble round of the mythic circle of art, where these separate self-existent natures stand and rest, there are smaller circles, within which the figures are conceived and wrought out with reference to other figures; for example, the nine Muses, with their leader, Apollo, are each one conceived and executed separately, but they become far more interesting in their complete and diversified choir. When art attempts scenes of exalted expression, it can treat them also in the same manner; it may either present to us a circle of figures holding a passionate relation to each other, like the Niobe and her children, pursued by Apollo and Diana, or exhibit in the same piece the action and the motive; we have now in mind such groups as the graceful boy extracting the thorn from his foot, the wrestler, two groups of fawns and nymphs, in Dresden, and the noble and passionate group of Laocoon.

Sculpture is justly entitled to the high rank it holds, because it can and must carry expression to its highest point of perfection, from the fact that it leaves man only the absolutely essential. Thus, in

the present group, Laocoon is a bare name; the artists have stripped him of his priesthood,, his Trojan nationality, of every poetical or mythological attribute; there remains nothing of all that fable had clothed him with; he is a father with his two sons, in danger of destruction from two fierce animals. In like manner, we see no messenger of the gods, but two plain, natural serpents, powerful enough to overcome a man, but, by no means, either in form or treatment, supernatural and avenging ministers of wrath. They glide in, as it is their nature to do, twine around, knot together, and one, being irritated, bites. If I had to describe this work without knowing the farther intent of it, I should say it were a Tragic Idyl. A father was sleeping, with his two sons beside him; two serpents twined about them, and now, waking, they struggle to free themselves from the living net.

The expression of the moment is, in this work, of the highest importance. When it is intended that a work of art shall move before the eye, a passing moment must, of course, be chosen; but a moment ago, not a single part of the whole was to be found in the position it now holds, and in another instant, all will be changed again; so that it presents a fresh, living image to a million beholders.

In order to conceive rightly the intention of the Laocoon, let a man place himself before it at a proper distance, with his eyes shut; then let him open his eyes, and shut them again instantly. By

this means, he will see the whole marble in motion; he will fear lest he find the whole group changed, when he opens his eyes again. It might be said that, as it stands, it is a flash of lightning fixed, a wave petrified in the moment it rushes towards the shore. The same effect is produced by the contemplation of the group by torch-light.

The situations of the three figures are represented with a wise gradation. In the oldest son, only the extremities are entangled; the second is encumbered with more folds, and especially by the knot around his breast; he endeavors to get breath by the motion of his right arm; with the left he gently holds back the serpent's head, to prevent him from taking another turn round his breast. The serpent is in the act of slipping under the hand, *but does not bite.* The father, on the other hand, tries to set himself and the children free by force; he grasps the other serpent, which, exasperated, bites him in the hip.

The best way to understand the position of the father, both in the whole and in detail, seems to me to be, to take the sudden anguish of the wound as the moving cause of the whole action. The serpent has not bitten, but is just now biting, and in a sensitive part, above and just behind the hip. The position of the restored head of the serpent does not represent the bite correctly; fortunately, the remains of the two jaws may yet be seen, on the hinder part of the statue, if indeed these important

vestiges have not been removed in the course of the present paltry alterations. The serpent inflicts a wound upon the unhappy man, in a part where we are excessively sensible to any irritation, where even a little tickling is able to produce the action which in this case is caused by the wound. The figure starts away towards the opposite side, the body is drawn in, the shoulder forced down, the breast thrust out, the head sinks towards the wounded side; the secondary portion of the situation or treatment, appears in the imprisoned feet and the struggling arms; and thus from the contrast of struggle and flight, of action and suffering, of energy and failing strength, results an harmonious action that would perhaps be impossible under other conditions. We are lost in astonishment at the sagacity of the artist; if we try to place the bite in some different position the whole action is changed, and we find it impossible to conceive one more fitting. It is moreover important to remark, that as the artist exhibits a sensible effect, he also gives a sensible cause. I repeat it, the situation of the bite renders necessary the present action of the limbs. The movement of the lower part of the figure, as if to fly, the drawing in of the body, the downward action of the shoulders and the head, the breast forced out, nay the expression of each feature of the face, all are determined by this instant, sharp, unlooked for irritation.

Far be it from me to destroy the unity of human

nature, to deny the sympathetic action of the spiritual powers of this nobly complete man, to misconceive the action and suffering of a great nature. I see also anguish, fear, horror, a father's anxiety pervading these veins, swelling this breast, furrowing this brow. I freely admit that the highest state of mental as well as bodily anguish is here represented; only let us not transfer the effect the work produces on us, too hastily to the piece itself; and above all, let us not be looking for the effect of poison, in a body which the serpent's fang has but just reached. Let us not fancy we see a death-struggle in a noble, resisting, uninjured, or but slightly wounded frame. Here let me have leave to make an observation of importance in art: The highest pathetic expression that can be given by art, hovers in the transition from one state or condition to another You see a lively child, runing with all the energy and joy of life, bounding, and full of delight; he is unexpectedly struck somewhat roughly by a playmate, or is otherwise morally or physically hurt. This new sensation thrills like an electric shock through all his limbs, and this transition is in the highest degree pathetic; it is a revulsion of which one can form no idea without having seen it. In this case plainly, the spiritual as well as the physical man is in action. If during the transition there still remain evident traces of the previous state, the result is the noblest subject for plastic art, as is the case in the Laocoon, where action and suffering are shown in the same

instant. Thus, for instance, Eurydice, bitten in the heel by the snake she has trodden on, as she goes joyfully through the meadow with the flowers she has collected, would make a most pathetic statue, because the twofold state, the joyful advance, and its painful arrest, might be expressed, not only by the flowers that she lets fall, but by the direction of her limbs, and the doubtful fluttering of her dress.

Having now a clear conception, in this respect, of the main figure, we shall be enabled to give a free and secure glance over the relations, contrasts, and gradations, of the collective parts of the whole.

The choice of subject is one of the happiest that can be imagined. Men struggling with dangerous animals, and animals that do not act as a mass or concentrated force, but with divided powers; that do not rush in at one side, nor offer a combined resistance, but capable by their prolonged organization of paralyzing without injuring them, three men, or more or less. From the action of this numbing force, results, consistently with the most violent action, a pervading unity and repose throughout the whole. The different action of the serpents is exhibited in gradation. The one is simply twined around its victims, the other becomes irritated and bites its antagonist. The three figures are in like manner most wisely selected: a strong, well developed man, but evidently past the age of greatest energy, and therefore less able to endure pain and suffering. Substitute in his place a robust young

man, and the charm of the group vanishes. Joined with him in his suffering are two boys, small in proportion to his figure, but still two natures, susceptible of pain.

The struggles of the youngest are powerless; he is tortured, but uninjured. The father struggles powerfully, but ineffectually; his efforts have rather the effect to exasperate the opposed force. His opponent, becoming irritated, wounds him. The eldest son is least encumbered. He suffers neither pressure nor pain; he is terrified by the sudden wounding of his father, and his movement thereupon; he cries out, at the same moment endeavoring to free his foot from the serpent's fold: here then is spectator, witness, and accessory to the fact; and thus the work is completed.

Let me here repeat what I alluded to above; viz., that all three figures exhibit a twofold treatment, and thus the greatest variety of interests is produced. The youngest son strives to get breath by raising his right arm, and with his left hand keeps back the serpent's head; he is striving to alleviate the present, and avert the impending, evil; the highest degree of action he can attain in his present imprisoned condition. The father is striving to shake off the serpent, while he endeavors instinctively to fly from the bite. The oldest son is terrified by his father's starting, and seeks at the same time to free himself from the lightly twined serpent.

The choice of the highest moment of expression

has been already spoken of as a great advantage possessed by the work; into which consideration let us enter more deeply.

We supposed the case, that mere natural serpents have twined about a father sleeping by his sons, in order that, by consideration of separate moments, we may have a succession of interest before us. The first moments of the serpents winding about them are portentous, but not adapted to art. We might perhaps imagine an infant Hercules asleep, with a serpent twined about him; but in this case the form in repose would show us what we were to expect when he waked.

Let us now proceed, and figure to ourselves a father, with his children, when first—let it have happened how it may—he discovers the serpents wound about him. We have now a moment of the highest interest; one of the figures paralyzed by the pressure, the second paralyzed and wounded too, the third still retaining the hope of escape. In the first condition is the younger son; in the second, the father; in the third, the eldest son. Seek now to find another equal moment! Try to change the order of the *dramatis personæ!*

If we consider now the treatment from the beginning, we must acknowledge that it has reached the highest point; and in like manner, if we reflect upon the succeeding moments, we shall perceive that the whole group must necessarily be changed, and that no moment can be found equal to this in

artistic significance. The youngest son will either be suffocated by the pressure of the serpent, or should he, in his helpless condition, exasperate it, he must be bitten. Neither alternative could we endure, since they suppose an extremity unsuitable for representation. As to the father, he would either be bitten by the serpent in other places, whereby the position of the body would be entirely changed, and the previous wounds would either be lost to the beholder, or, if made evident, would be loathsome; or the serpent might turn about and assail the eldest son, whose attention would then be turned to himself, — the scene loses its participators, the last glimpse of hope disappears from the group, the situation is no longer tragical, it becomes fearful. The figure of the father, which is now self-centred in its greatness and its suffering, would in that case be turned towards the son, and become a sympathizing subordinate.

Man has, for his own and others' sufferings, only three sorts of sensations,— apprehension, terror, and compassion; the anxious foreseeing of an approaching evil, the unexpected realization of present pain, and sympathy with existing or past suffering; all three are excited by and exhibited in the present work, and in the truest gradation.

Plastic art, laboring always for a single point of time, in choosing a pathetic subject, seizes one that awakens terror; while, on the other hand, Poetry prefers such as excite apprehension and compassion.

In the group of Laocoon the suffering of the father awakens terror, and that in the highest degree. Sculpture has done her utmost for him, but, partly to run through the circle of human sensations, partly to soften the effect of so much of the terrible, it excites pity for the younger son, and apprehension for the elder, through the hope that still exists for him. Thus, by means of variety, the artists have introduced a certain balance into their work, have softened and heightened action by other action, and completed at once a spiritual and sensible whole.

In a word, we dare strongly affirm, that this work exhausts its subject, and happily fulfils all the conditions of art. It teaches us, that if the master can infuse his feeling of beauty into reposing and simple subjects, the same can also be exhibited in the highest energy and worth, when it manifests itself in the creation of varied character, and knows how, by artistic imitation, to temper and control the passionate outbreak of human feeling. We shall give in the sequel, a full account of the statues known by the name of the family of Niobe, as well as the group of the Farnesian Bull; they belong to the few pathetic representations that remain to us out of the antique sculptures.

It has been the usual fate of the moderns, to blunder in their choice of subjects of this sort. When Milo, with both his hands fast in the cleft of a tree, is attacked by a lion, art in vain endeavors

to create a work that will excite a sincere sympathy. A twofold suffering, a fruitless struggle, a helpless state, a certain defeat, can only excite horror, if they do not leave us cold.

Finally, a word concerning this subject in its connexion with poetry.

It is doing Virgil, and the poetic art a great injustice, to compare even for a moment this completest achievement of Sculpture, with the episodical treatment of the subject in the Æneid. As soon as the unhappy wanderer, Æneas, has to recount how he and his fellow citizens were guilty of the unpardonable folly of bringing the famous horse into their city, the Poet must hit upon some way to provide a motive for his treatment. This is the origin of the whole, and the story of Laocoon stands here as a rhetorical argument, to justify an exaggeration which is essential to the design. Two monstrous serpents are brought out of the sea with crested heads; they rush upon the children of the priest who had injured the horse, encircle them, bite them, slaver them, twist and twine about the breast and head of the father, as he hastens to their assistance, and hold up their heads high in triumph, while the victims, enclosed in their folds, scream in vain for help; the people are horror-struck, and fly at once; no one dares to be a patriot longer, and the hearer, satiated with the horror of the strange and dreadful story, is willing to let the horse be brought into the city.

Thus, in Virgil, the story of Laocoon serves only as a step to a higher aim, and it is a great question, whether the occurrence be in itself a poetic subject.

THE COLLECTOR AND HIS FRIENDS.

LETTER I.

If your departure, after those two days so highly enjoyed, so quickly flown, made me sensible of a great void and chasm, your letter, which came so soon to hand, and the manuscripts which accompanied it, brought me again into the same pleasant frame of mind which your presence had inspired. I am reminded of our conversations, and rejoice as I then did, that we so often coincide in our opinions on art.

This discovery is doubly valuable to me, since, if I would make proof of your opinions or my own, I have only to take whatever section I will of my collection, and go through it with reference to our theoretical and practical aphorisms. Oftentimes I proceed with ease and certainty, sometimes am at fault, somtimes am not able to agree either with you or with myself. Nevertheless I become conscious how much is gained, when we come to an understanding with each other concerning principles, when criticism of Art, which is always swaying hither and thither, like the beam of a balance, is

fixed to a firm support, and, to pursue the image, beam and scales are no longer in a state of vibration.

This specimen engages all my hopes and sympathies for your proposed work, and I will gladly aid your undertaking in any way of which I feel myself capable. Theory has never been my forte. If, however, my experience can be of any use to you, it is heartily at your service; and, in proof of this, I will at once begin to fulfil your request. I will sketch for you the history of my collection, whose marvellous elements have astonished many who came prepared by rumor for what they were to find. Even so was it with yourself. You admired its singular richness in the most opposite ways, and your wonder would have been increased, had your time and inclination allowed you to become acquainted with my entire possessions.

To my grandfather belongs the credit of having laid the foundation of the whole; and how well laid, is proved by the attention with which I observed you regard every thing which dates from him. You fastened with so much love and admiration upon this pillar of our strange family mansion, that your injustice towards other portions did not strike me unpleasantly, and I gladly lingered with you before those works which are sacred to me, both from their intrinsic worth and their age, and their value as heirlooms. In fact, how much it depends upon the character and inclinations of an amateur,

whither the love of form, and the spirit of collecting, two passions so frequently found in man, shall carry him; and I maintain that he is equally dependent upon the time in which he lives, the circumstances around him, the artists and picture dealers with whom he is conversant, the countries he first visits, the nations with whom he stands in any kind of relations. He is influenced by a thousand circumstances of this sort. What various influences may not unite, what effect may they not produce, to make him well-grounded or superficial, liberal or narrow, universal or one-sided.

It was my grandfather's good fortune to live in the best time, and under the most favorable circumstances for collecting about him objects which would in the present day be beyond the reach of a private man. I have in my hands accounts and letters concerning his purchases, and how disproportionately small are the prices, compared with those of our time, which the widespread amateurship of all nations has so exaggerated.

Yes, the collection of this worthy man holds the same relation to the rest of my possessions, to my circumstances, to my judgment, which the Dresden collection does to all Germany, — an eternal well of pure knowledge to the youth, a strengthener of feelings and good principles in the man, wholesome for all, even the most superficial observer; for the effect of what is truly excellent, is not confined to the initiated alone. Your remark, that no one of

those works, which date from the good old man, need to be abashed by comparison with the treasures of kings, did not make me vain, but rejoiced me; for in my own heart I had already formed the same opinion. I close my letter without having fulfilled my intention. I prate, when I should be telling my story. An old man's good humor is apt enough to show itself either way. I have hardly allowed myself room to say, that both uncle and nieces greet you heartily, and that Julia, especially, inquires oftener and more earnestly concerning our long-delayed Dresden journey, because she hopes by the way to see once more our new and highly esteemed friend; and indeed, none of your older friends can subscribe himself more heartily, than does the uncle,

Your truly devoted.

LETTER II.

Your kind reception of the young man who presented himself with a letter from me, has conferred on me a twofold happiness, as it procured him such a satisfaction, and me, through him, a lively account of yourself, your circumstances, your labors and plans.

The lively conversation, of which you were the subject, concealed from me, in the first moments of

his return, how sadly he had changed during his absence. When he went to the academy, he was full of promise. He left school strong in his Greek and Latin, with a good knowledge of both literatures, well skilled in Ancient and Modern History, not unpractised in Mathematics, and whatever else goes to make up a scholar; and now, to our infinite dismay, he comes back a Philosopher. To philosophy he is especially, nay, exclusively devoted; and our little society, who in truth can boast no great philosophical attainments, is altogether at a loss on what ground to meet him. What we understand, he does not care for; that which interests him, we do not comprehend. He speaks a new language, which we are too old to catch from him.

What a strange thing is this Philosophy, especially the New School. To enter into one's own self, to keep up an espionage on the operations of one's own soul, to be shut up in one's self, in order to come to a better understanding of matters and things. Is this the true way? Does the hypochondriac see things more clearly, because he is always rooting and undermining within himself. Truly, this philosophy appears to me to be a sort of hypochondria, a spurious propensity, to which men have given a high-sounding name. Pardon the warmth of an old man, of a practical physician.

But no more of this! Politics have never succeeded in souring my disposition, nor shall Philosophy now do so. So, let us away to the asylum of

Art; let me hasten to my history, so that my letter may not leave out the very matter for which I begun it.

It was after my grandfather's death, that my father first began to show what an especial satisfaction he derived from a particular class of works. He delighted in the faithful imitation of natural objects, which branch of art had at that time reached a high degree of perfection by the use of water colors. At first he purchased a few pieces of this sort; afterwards he kept painters in pay, to paint birds, flowers, butterflies, shell-fish, all which must be imitated with the greatest exactness. Nothing remarkable could turn up, in kitchen, garden, or field, but the pencil must fix it upon paper; and thus he has preserved many specimens in various classes, which I find highly interesting to the lovers of Natural History.

By degrees he went farther, he took a flight into the region of portrait. He loved his wife, his children; he was attached to his friends; and hence the collection of portraits had its origin.

You will call to mind also many little oil portraits, painted on copper. Great artists have in former times painted such, either as a relaxation, or out of friendship; hence the practice was esteemed, and grew into a distinct species of painting, to which various artists devoted themselves.

This class of pictures has in one respect a peculiar advantage. A portrait of the size of life,

were it only a head, or a half length, always takes up too much room for the interest it affords. Every man of right feeling, in easy circumstances, should have portraits painted of himself and his family, and that too at the various epochs of life. Characteristically set forth, in small compass, by a clever artist, they would take up but little room, and thus one could collect all his friends around him, and posterity would always find a corner for such a company. A large portrait, on the contrary, especially in these latter days, is too apt to disappear with the original, and give place to heirs; and the fashions change so much, that one's grandmother, no matter how well she be painted, is hardly at home among the carpets, the furniture, the novelties of her descendants.

Nevertheless, the artist depends upon the amateurs of his century, and the amateur upon his contemporary artists. The good master, who knew only how to paint those little portraits, died: a new one was found, who painted the size of life.

My father had long desired to have such an one at hand: the object of his wishes was to see himself and his family the size of life. For as he had always insisted that every bird, every insect, that was represented, should be accurately imitated, in size as well as all other particulars, so did he wish to see his own image set forth on canvass, as accurately as he saw it in the glass. His wish was at last gratified. A clever man was found, who was persuaded

to remain a long time with us. My father was good looking, my mother a handsome person, my sister surpassed all the ladies of the neighborhood in beauty and grace; so all must be painted, nor was one representation by any means enough. My sister, especially, as you have seen, sate in more than one character. Preparations were even made for a great family piece, which, however, never got beyond outline, as neither the subject nor the grouping could be agreed upon.

After all, my father remained unsatisfied. The artist had been formed in the French school. The pictures were harmonious, spirited, and had a natural air; yet though they bore a resemblance to their originals, they left much to wish for; and there were some, where the artist out of complaisance had endeavored to make use of my father's disconnected hints, that were utterly spoiled.

At last, however, my father's wishes were gratified in their full extent, in an unexpected manner. The son of our artist, a young man full of talent, who during his education had been living with an uncle, a German, who destined him for his heir, came to visit his father; and my father discovered in him a talent that highly delighted him. He would have my sister painted forthwith, which was done with an incredible fidelity; and the result was a picture, not indeed the most tasteful, but full of nature and truth. There she stands now, just as she used to walk in the garden, her brown hair partly falling about her fore-

head, partly braided back in heavy masses, and fastened by a band, her sun bonnet on her arm, filled with the choice pinks, on which my father set the highest value, and a peach in her hand, from a tree which that year bore fruit for the first time.

Fortunately, these objects were represented with great fidelity, without being tasteless. My father was enchanted, and the old painter gladly made way for his son, with whose works began an altogether new epoch in our house, which my father regarded as the most satisfactory period of his life.

Each one was now painted with the objects he usually had about him, or was busied about. I dare not detain you longer with these pictures. You cannot have forgotten the comic assiduity with which my Julia collected together all the still life of the pictures, so far as the originals were yet to be found in the house, in order to exhibit to you the exact truth of the imitation. There were the grandfather's snuff-box, his great silver watch, his topaz-headed cane; the grandmother's work-box, and ear-rings. Julia has even preserved an ivory plaything, that she holds in her hand in one of the pictures where she is represented as a child. She placed herself under the picture, the toy still looked the same, but the maiden was changed enough; and I remember well our sport upon that occasion.

In the course of a year we had portraits, not only of all the family, but all the furniture. No wonder

the young artist found it necessary, when his work became uninteresting, to invigorate himself by a look at my sister; a remedy he found the more effectual, that he seemed to find in her eyes that which he looked for. In short, the young people determined to be one for life and death. My mother favored their wishes; my father was too happy to fix in his family so remarkable a talent, which he now could not dispense with.

It was settled, that our friend should first make a journey through Germany, to secure the approbation of his father and uncle, and after that become ours forever.

All this was speedily accomplished; and though his absence was not long, he was able to bring back a pretty sum of money that he had earned at the various courts on his road. The happy pair were united, and our family became a scene of content, that lasted during the lives of its members.

My brother-in-law was a well looking man, of prudent conduct in the affairs of life; his talent satisfied my father, his love my sister, his friendliness attached me and the rest of the household. During the summer he travelled, and always came back well paid for his labors. The winters he devoted to his family; he painted his wife and daughters usually twice in the year.

The fidelity, bordering on deception, with which he represented even the merest trifles, caused my father to fall upon a singular idea, the execution of

which I must describe to you. The picture itself, as will presently appear, is no longer in existence, otherwise I should have shown it to you.

In the upper chamber, the last one of the range, where the best portraits hang, you may have noticed a door which seemed to lead further on; but in fact, it is a blind-door, and when it was opened, the spectator encountered a scene more surprising than agreeable. My father, with my mother on his arm, seemed to be stepping forward to meet you, and startled you by the reality of the representation, which was effected partly by the surrounding objects, partly by the art of the painter. He was represented as if returning home from a dinner party, dressed as was his wont on such occasions. The picture was painted with the greatest care, on the spot, and for that particular place; the figures from a certain point of view were perfectly in perspective, and the effect of the dresses most carefully worked up. A window had to be displaced, in order that the light might fall properly from the side, so that nothing should break the illusion.

It was the unfortunate destiny of this work, which had thus been made to approach as near as possible to reality, to share the fate of its originals. The frame, with the canvass, was set into the casing of the door, and thus exposed to the influence of a damp wall, the effect of which was increased by the air being excluded by the door; and at the end of a hard winter, during which the room had not been

opened, father and mother were found to be utterly destroyed; which was the more to be deplored, as they were no longer living.

I must go back a little, in order to speak of the last satisfaction my father enjoyed during his life.

After his idea had been wrought out in this picture, it seemed as if art had no farther gratification in store for him. Yet one was still vouchsafed him. An artist was announced who undertook to mould likenesses in plaster upon the face, and afterwards to copy them in wax, with the colors of life. The likeness of a young assistant that he had with him, bore witness to his talent, and my father determined to submit to the operation. The experiment was successful; the artist elaborated the face and hands with the greatest care and truth, — a real wig, and damask dressing gown, were appropriated to the phantom; and there sits the good old man yet, behind a curtain, which I had not the courage to withdraw for you.

After the death of the old people, we did not long remain together. My sister died, still young and beautiful. Her husband painted her in her coffin. His grief at her loss would never permit him to paint his daughters, who, as they grew up, seemed to inherit their mother's beauty, as if divided into two portions. He often made little pictures in still life, of the various articles that had belonged to her, and which he had carefully preserved; he worked them up with the greatest care, and presented them to the friends he had made during his travels.

It seemed as if his grief raised him to the ideal; for previously he had only represented present objects. These little mute pictures were not wanting either in keeping or expression. In one, the objects grouped together showed the pious spirit of their possessor; a hymnbook, with red cover and golden studs; a pretty embroidered purse, with strings and tassels, that she used to dispense her charities from; the goblet from which before her death she partook the sacrament, and which he had procured by presenting a better to the church. In another picture was a loaf, and beside it the knife she used to cut slices with for the children; the little seed box, from which she sowed seeds in the spring; a calendar where she set down her expenditures, and any little occurrences; a glass goblet, with her initials cut upon it, a youthful gift from her grandfather, that in spite of its fragility had outlasted its owner.

He recommenced his journeys and his usual course of life. Skilful only to see the present, and by the present always reminded of his irreparable loss, his spirit could not recover its tone; a sort of incomprehensible longing seemed often to take possession of him; and the last still life that he painted, consisted of objects which had belonged to her, and which, curiously chosen and grouped, hinted at transitoriness and separation, at permanence and reunion.

We found him several times before this picture,

pausing and reflecting contrary to his wont, moved and agitated, — and you must pardon me if I here break off short for to-day, to recover my composure, which this recollection, which I dare no longer indulge in, has unexpectedly disturbed.

Yet my letter must not go to you with so sorrowful an ending, and I give the pen to my Julia to say to you ———

My uncle gives me the pen, with the injunction to give a graceful turn to the expression of his devotedness to you. He continues true to that custom of the good old time, when it was the fashion to close a letter, to part from one's friend, with a well-bred bow. We young people never have learnt it. Such a formality does not seem to us natural, nor hearty enough; we cannot get beyond a farewell, and an imaginary pressure of the hand.

What is to be done now to fulfil this commission, this injunction of my uncle, as beseems an obedient niece? Cannot I stumble upon some "graceful turn," and will it be graceful enough, if I assure you that the nieces are no less your devoted, than the uncle? He has forbidden me to read his last sheet. I wonder what good or ill he has been saying of me. Perhaps it is only my vanity makes me think he has made any mention of me. It is enough that he has let me read the first part of his letter, and there I find he has been decrying our good philosopher to you. It is neither pretty nor proper of my uncle,

to take so severely to task a young man who has so high a love and respect both for him and you, merely because he so earnestly pursues a path which he thinks will tend to his improvement. Be candid with me now, and say if you do not think that we women often see clearer than men, for the reason that we are not so one-sided, and concede to every one what belongs to him. In fact, the young man is courteous and companionable. Sometimes he talks to me, and though I do not understand his philosophy, methinks I understand the Philosopher.

Yet, after all, perhaps he is indebted to you for the good opinion I have of him, since the roll of engravings which he brought from you, accompanied by your friendly message, secured him the best reception.

I am somewhat puzzled how to express my thanks for your remembrance and your goodness, inasmuch as there seems to me to be a little wickedness concealed under your gift. Did you mean to mock your handmaiden by sending these Elfin air shapes, these strange forms of fairies and spirits from the hand of my friend Fuseli? How can your poor Julia help it if she is charmed by the strange and wild, if she delights to see representations of the wonderful, and if it is a pleasure to her to see these dreams, that seem to follow on and move through one another, fixed upon paper?

Nevertheless, you have procured me a great pleasure, though I am aware that with a second uncle

comes a second rod. As if the first did not give me enough to do! for he can never let the children alone without enlightening them on the subject of their own likes and dislikes.

Against this dictation my sister makes better stand than I, for she never suffers herself to be opposed. And a love of art in some shape being in our family a matter of course, her preference is for the agreeable and graceful, such forms as we would be glad always to have around us.

Her lover (for the affair which was in a state of uncertainty at the time of your journey is now settled) has sent her from England some splendid colored prints, that delight her beyond measure. But to be sure, what a set of tall figures all clad in white, with ribbands of pale red, and veils of pale blue! What interesting mothers, with well fed children and personable fathers! When they are all nicely framed in glass and mahogany, adorned with the brass rods which came with the prints, and hung on a lilac ground in my young lady's cabinet, then indeed I shall not dare to bring Titania and her fairy court, and their charge, the metamorphosed Nick Bottom, into such company.

Now this looks as if I meant to criticise my sister! and in fact, there is no better way to be satisfied with one's self, than to be a little intolerant of others; — and now at last I have finished this sheet, and find myself unexpectedly so near the end of

the paper, that there is only room for the tenth day of March, and the name of your true friend, who bids you hearty farewell.

JULIA.

LETTER III.

I observe that Julia, in her last Postscript, has spoken a good word for the Philosopher, but I am sorry to say her uncle cannot agree with her; for the young man not only holds by a method of his own, which I by no means enter into, but his mind is turned to objects concerning which I neither think, nor even have thought. In the midst of my Collection even, where I can soon find common ground with all men, I can find no point of contact with him. He has lost even the historical and antiquarian interest which he once seemed to have in it.

Moral Philosophy is his great study, of which I know but little beyond what my heart tells me. The Law of Nature I never feel the want of, because our administration of justice is righteous, and our police active, but it is his next great attraction. The Law of Nations, that in my earliest youth my uncle had taught us to despise, stands as the great aim of his studies. It is all up with the intercourse from which I promised myself so much pleasure;

I can prize him as an excellent man, love him for his goodness, am glad to serve him as my relation, but alas, we have nothing to say to each other! Before my engravings he is dumb, he sees my pictures unmoved.

But while I am giving vent to my spleen to you, like a true uncle in the German Comedy, experience draws me back, and whispers, that it is not the way to bind ourselves to men, to exaggerate those peculiarities by which we chance to be separated from them.

Let us therefore rather wait and see what the future has in store for us, and I will not neglect my duty towards you, but go on with my account of the founders of my Collection.

My father's brother, after having acquired credit as a brave officer, was employed in various affairs of state from time to time, and finally in very important matters. He was acquainted with most of the princes of his time, and from receiving presents adorned with their likenesses in enamel and miniature, he acquired a connoisseurship in works of this class. He procured by degrees the likenesses of dead as well as living potentates, by searching for such golden snuff-boxes and diamond settings as had found their way back to the goldsmiths and jewellers, and so at last had, in these likenesses, a complete Royal Calendar of his Century.

As he travelled much, he wished to keep his treasure at hand, and was able to bring it within

very small compass. He never exhibited it without its being increased by the addition of some living or dead Prince, from one jewel box or another; for a regular collection has the property of attracting all waifs and strays; and even the affection of a possessor towards some isolated treasure, is annihilated, and disappears through the attraction of the mass.

From portraits, among which occurred full length figures, such, for instance, as princesses, allegorically represented as nymphs or huntresses, he afterwards extended his collection to other small pictures of the same sort, always looking more to the exquisite finish of the execution, than to the higher ends of art, which are, however, by no means foreign to this style of painting. I observed you to admire the masterpieces of this collection. My additions to it have been only few and occasional.

And now at last I have to speak of myself, the complacent possessor of this well known and highly praised collection, often enough too its vexed and annoyed guardian. My inclinations were, from my youth, the opposite of the tastes of my uncle and my father.

Whether it was, that the more earnest aim of my grandfather had fallen to me by inheritance, or, as children often do, I had out of the spirit of opposition left the ways of my father and uncle with conscious perverseness, I will not pretend to decide. It suffices to say that, while the former wished that art should be made, by means of the closest imitations, and the most scrupulous execution, to follow exactly

in the steps of Nature, and the latter prized pictures only so far as they were divided to infinity by the most delicate strokes of the pencil, so that he always kept a magnifying glass at hand, in order to increase the wonder of the work; I, on the other hand, could find satisfaction in no other sort of works of art but sketches, which presented to my mind a lively image of some work yet to be carried out.

The admirable examples of this sort that I found in my grandfather's collection, and which might have shown me that a sketch can be made with as much accuracy as spirit, served to kindle my enthusiasm without guiding it. Boldly drawn powerful sketches, roughly washed in with ink, these were what delighted me, and even where a few dashing lines gave only the hieroglyphic of a figure, I knew how to interpret them, and prized such works beyond measure. With such was laid the foundation of the collection which I began in my youth, and continued in riper years.

In this wise I maintained a constant opposition with my father, my uncle, and my brother-in-law; and as neither of them knew how to approach my point of view, or draw me to theirs, I became fixed and strengthened in my position.

Although, as I have said, I prized a spirited sketch before all things, yet many finished works naturally found their way to my collection. I learned, without being aware of it, to prize the successful carrying out of a spirited sketch to a spirited completion; I

learned to prize precision, although I made it an indispensable condition that feeling should be commensurate with it.

This direction was aided by the etchings of various Italian masters, which still remain in my collection, — and thus I was going on in the right way, when another inclination drew me back again.

Order and completeness were the two qualities that I desired my little collection to possess. I read the history of art. I placed my prints in order, according to schools, masters, and years. I made catalogues, and must say in my own praise, that I never learned the name of any good master, or became acquainted with the circumstances of any worthy artist, without looking about to purchase one of his works, so that I might not only be able to speak of his merit, but have a proof of it visibly at hand.

Thus it stood with my collection, my acquirements and their direction, when the time came for me to enter the academy. My attachment to my profession, which was to be Medicine, the absence of all works of art, new objects, a new life, forced back my love of art into the depths of my heart, and I only found occasion to practise my eyes upon whatever possessed the highest merit, among the representations of objects of Anatomy, Physiology, and Natural History.

Yet before the end of my academical career, I found an opportunity to visit Dresden, which opened a new prospect for me, and one that had its effect

on my whole life. With what delight, nay, with what intoxication, did I wander through the sanctuary of the Gallery. How many presentiments were there realized! How many a chasm in my historical knowledge were filled up! How did my view enlarge itself over the steps of the Temple of Art! I looked back with self congratulation on the family collection, which was one day to be mine, and the recollection was accompanied with the most delightful feelings; and since I could not be an artist, I should have been in despair if I had not from my birth been destined for an amateur and a collector.

I will not detain you to relate the effect produced upon me by other collections; what besides I have done to add to the knowledge I before possessed; how my love of art has kept pace with all my other occupations, and accompanied me like a guardian angel. I will only say, that I turned all my remaining faculties to my profession and its exercise, that my practice soon required all my attention, and that my heterogeneous occupation seemed only to add to my love of art, and my passion for collecting.

What remains you will easily divine, from your knowledge of me and my collections.

When my father died, and this treasure came into my possession, I had sufficient knowledge to fill up the chasms I found, not merely as a collector because they were chasms, but rather in some sort as a connoisseur, because they were worthy of being

filled; and it strengthens my conviction that I am in the right path, to find that my tastes correspond with the judgment of many sensible men with whom I have become acquainted. I have never been in Italy, but yet I have tried to make my taste, as far as possible, universal. How far I have succeeded, you are fully able to judge. I will not deny that I might and should have cultivated a purer taste in this or that particular direction. But who could live with thoroughly purified inclinations?

For the present and forever, I have done with myself. Would that all my egotism could find vent in my collection. For the rest, let 'to give and to receive' be the watchword between us; which can be spoken by no one with greater affection and confidence than by

Your truly devoted.

LETTER IV.

I have again a convincing proof of your friendly remembrance, in this first part of the Propylæum which you lend me, and still more in the accompanying manuscripts, which by their greater fulness make a livelier impression, and give clearness to the subject. You have answered the challenge in the end of my last letter in right friendly fashion, and I thank you for the gracious reception with which you honored the short history of my collection.

These printed and written sheets of yours bring back to me and mine those pleasant hours of which you were the author; going so far out of your way, in the inclement season, to visit a private collection, in which at least you found satisfaction in various ways; and its possessor had the good fortune to secure a hearty friendship without any long preliminaries. I recognize in these pages the principles you then maintained, the ideas you were chiefly interested in; I see that you are unshaken, nay, that you are advanced, and I venture to hope that you will hear, not without interest, how it has been with me in my sphere. Your writings inspire, your letter challenges me. The history of my collection is in your hands, whereof I may make farther use anon. At present I have some wishes, some facts to lay before you.

Through the contemplation of the works of art, to keep alive in the mind a high, unapproachable ideal; by our judgments of what the artist has accomplished, to fix the great scale whose divisions are made after the best we know; earnestly to seek out whatever is most perfect; to point out the fountain head to the lover of art as well as to the artist; to place him on a high point of view; to let history as well as theory, criticism no less than practice, all centre in a single aim; this is praiseworthy and beautiful, and such a labor cannot be unprofitable.

The Assay Master seeks by every means to purify

the precious metals, in order to ascertain a certain weight of gold and silver, as a fixed standard to try all the mixtures that may come before him. Then you may take as much copper as you will, you may increase the weight, lessen the value, you may mark the coins or ware according to understood custom, do what you will, the cheapest small coin, or even counterfeit, may pass for what it is worth, so long as we have the touchstone, the crucible at hand, to give a correct estimate of its real value.

Allow me now, without taking you to task for your strictness and severity, to follow out my similitude, and call your attention to certain grand divisions, which neither artist nor amateur can dispense with in daily life.

But still, I cannot proceed at once to this my wish and purpose, for there is still something in my mind, nay, upon my heart. I have a confession to make, which I cannot withhold without proving myself unworthy of your friendship. It cannot offend nor displease you, therefore I will venture it. Every advance is a venture, and only through daring do we make sensible progress. And now let me delay no longer, lest you suppose what I have to say be of more consequence than it really is.

The possessor of a collection, who, no matter how willingly he shows it, must yet exhibit it oftener than he would, be he never so good and harmless, cannot help becoming a little malicious. He sees entire strangers giving their opinions and fancies without

hesitation, concerning objects with which he is perfectly familiar. On political subjects, we do not find occasion to force our opinions upon strangers, nor would good sense allow it; but works of art attract us, no one feels any *gêne* in their presence, no one doubts his own impressions, and in that he does well; but further, no one doubts the correctness of his impressions, — and this is not so well.

Since this collection came into my possession, I have met but one man who did me the honor to believe that I knew how to judge of the value of my own things. He said to me, "My time is brief, let me see in each department that which is best, most remarkable, rarest." I thanked him, and said that he was the first who had made such a request; and I trust he did not regret his confidence in me; at least he seemed to go away fully satisfied. I will not say that he was a remarkable connoisseur or virtuoso; his manner even showed a certain indifference; and perhaps a man is more interesting to us who loves some part, than he who simply values the whole. This man, however, deserved mention, from his being the first and the last who did nothing to rouse my secret spirit of mischief.

Even yourself, let me confess it, gave food for my quiet malice, without lessening thereby my respect and love. I was not only obliged to remove the maidens from your sight; — pardon me, I cannot but chuckle to myself when I think how you ever and anon cast an eye to the door, while we were ex-

amining the cabinet of antiques and bronzes — but the door would not open again; the children had disappeared, leaving the wine and the biscuits. A wink from me, and they departed; for I did not mean that my antiques should share a divided attention. Forgive this confession, and remember how, on the following morning, I made you full reparation, and placed before you in the garden house, not only the painted, but the living family pictures, and procured you the satisfaction of that pleasant conversation in sight of the charming landscape: — not only, I said, — and "not only" it must remain, for my long parenthesis has destroyed my period, and I must begin a new one.

From the first you did me an especial honor, by seeming to understand that I had the same views with yourself, that I also knew how to appreciate those works you most highly prized, and I can say with truth, that for the most part our judgments agreed. Here and there I thought I saw a vehement predilection, perhaps even a prejudice; but I let them pass, and thanked you for your quick-sightedness in regard to various unobserved matters, whose worth had escaped me in the crowd.

After your departure, you continued to be a subject of conversation. We compared you with other strangers who had visited us, and were thus led to a general comparison of our guests. We found a great variety, in the way in which people regard art, and their ideas concerning it, yet again certain in-

clinations appeared more or less in the various persons; we began to class together those of similar tendencies, and the book in which the names are entered helped our memory. Thus, for the future, is our malicious spirit changed into observation; we looked at our guests more closely, and arranged them into the following groups. I always speak in the plural number, for I took the girls along with me in this as in all other matters. Julia was especially useful, and had great luck in placing her people right; for women have an instinct for men's prejudices. Yet Caroline could not allow the highest rank to such as were not fully impressed with the rare and beautiful specimens of English mezzotint with which her quiet chamber is adorned; of which number you are one; but still your want of perception has not lowered you much in the good child's graces.

Lovers of art after our fashion — since it is natural to consider them first — there are, when we think of it, not a few; if we leave out of the reckoning a little prejudice for or against, more or less liveliness or deliberation, toleration or severity; and on this ground I augur favorably for your Propylæum, not only because I believe there are such persons, but because I know such.

Though I may not in this regard censure your severity in matters of art, your strictness towards artists and amateurs, yet, in consideration of the many who will read what you write, had you no other readers than those who have examined my

collection, I must express one wish for the benefit of art and its friends; viz., that you should on the one side manifest the most entire liberality towards all departments of art; that you should prize the most limited artists and amateurs, so long as each follows his own path without exclusive pretensions; and, on the other hand, I cannot sufficiently commend to you the most earnest opposition to those, that out of narrow ideas, and an unwholesome partiality, would substitute for the whole their darling and petted division. Let us with this aim set about a new species of collection, that is not to consist of bronzes or marbles, of ivory or silver, but wherein the artist and critic, and especially the lover of art, may find each his place.

In truth, I am able to send you only the slightest sketch, the whole result contracts itself into a narrow space; and besides, my letter is surely long enough. My introduction is ample, my conclusion you shall yourself help me to fill out.

Our little academy, as is usually the case, first turned its attention upon itself, and soon we found in our own family a member for each separate group.

There is a class of artists and amateurs to whom we have given the name of *Imitators;* and in fact Imitation, carried to a high pitch of perfection, constitutes their only aim, their highest pleasure. My father and my brother-in-law belonged to this class, and the connoisseurship of the one, and the art of

the other, left nothing to wish for in this department. Imitation cannot rest till it is able to set the copy as far as may be in the place of the original.

Now to the accomplishment of this end a great degree of accuracy and clearness are requisite, and hereupon steps in another class which we name Dot-makers. To this class the execution, and not the imitation, is the object kept in view. That subject pleases them best, in which can be assembled together the greatest number of points and strokes. Among these my uncle finds his place. An artist of this sort seems to endeavor to fill up the space to infinity, and to persuade us sensibly that matter is infinitely divisible. This talent seems most truly valuable, when it brings before us in little, the image of some beloved person, and enables us to keep before our eyes, one whom our heart has treasured as a jewel, with all his outward peculiarities, and set among other jewels. Natural History is also much indebted to men of this class.

Whilst we were upon this division, it came into my mind how I, with reference to my early tastes in art, stood in direct opposition to it. All those who by means of a few strokes attempt to express too much, as the last named class, with their infinity of points and lines often effect too little, we call *Sketchers*. We do not by this term refer to Masters, who make sketches indeed, that is, a general outline of the work they have in view, in order to subject it to their own and others' criticism. By

Sketchers, we properly mean such as never cultivate their talent beyond this point of sketching, and thus never arrive at the end of art, completion; as, on the other hand, the Dot-maker never becomes aware of the true beginning of Art, which is in the Imaginative and Spiritual.

The Sketcher, again, has too much Imagination, he delights in poetical, or even fantastical objects, and is always a little exaggerated in execution. He seldom falls into the error of weakness or insignificance; this defect much more often occurs in company with a good execution.

As to the class in which the soft, the pleasing, the agreeable, is the prevailing characteristic, Caroline has taken its part, and solemnly protests she will have no nickname given to it. Julia, on the contrary, submits herself and her friends, the poetic and spiritual sketchers, to fate and judgment, whether merciful or severe.

From the *Soft* style, we fall naturally upon those woodcuts and engravings of the early Masters, whose works, in spite of their hard, severe, and dry style, never fail to please us by a certain stern and independent *character*.

We then suggested several farther divisions, which, however, may be resolved into the foregoing; such as Caricaturists, who seek out only what is singularly perverse, the physically and morally deformed; Improvisatori, who with wonderful speed and cleverness sketch you any subject out of hand;

Learned Artists, whose works are not to be comprehended without a Commentary; Learned Amateurs, who are not content to leave the simplest work without its Commentary, and the like; whereof I will say more anon. For the present, I conclude with the hope, that if the end of my letter give you room to make merry over my presumption, it may thereby atone for the beginning, where I presumed to rally my valued friend upon some amiable weaknesses. Give me the same back, I pray you, if my audacity does not seem to you importunate; find fault with me, hold up the glass to my peculiarities, and by so doing add to the gratitude, if you cannot to the attachment, of

Your truly devoted.

LETTER V.

The freedom of your answer assures me that you have taken my letter with the greatest good humor, and that this choice gift of heaven in you has nowise been disturbed. Your sheets were to me a propitious gift and in a propitious moment.

If good luck comes oftener alone and more seldom in company than ill, I am at any rate just now an exception to the rule. Your letter could never have found a more acceptable or more significant moment, and your remarks upon my odd classifica-

tion, could not have borne fruit more speedily than at the very moment when, like a bursting seed, it fell into a fruitful soil. Let me now relate to you what took place here yesterday, that you may learn how a new star has arisen in my horizon, with which your letter of yesterday came so happily into conjunction.

Yesterday a stranger made his appearance, whose name I was already familiar with, and who has the reputation of a skilful connoisseur. I was pleased to see him, made him acquainted generally with my possessions, let him choose what he would, which I exhibited to him. I soon noticed his cultivated eye for works of art, and especially for their history. He knew the masters as well as the scholars; in cases of doubtful works he was familiar with the grounds of uncertainty, and his conversation was highly interesting to me.

Perhaps I should have been hurried on to open myself in a more lively manner towards him, had not my *rôle* of listener to my guest made me from the first take a more quiet tone. His judgment in many cases agreed with mine; in many I was forced to admire his sharp and practised eye. The first thing that I differed from, was his unmitigated hatred of all Mannerists. I was in pain for some of my favorite pictures, and was curious to discover from what source such a rejection could spring.

My guest had been late in his arrival, and the twilight prevented our farther examination. I gave him

a little collation, to which our Philosopher was invited, for this latter has lately drawn nearer to me; how it came about I must tell you in passing.

Fortunately, Heaven, foreseeing the peculiarities of men, has provided a means that as often binds us together as separates us. My Philosopher is taken with the grace of Julia, whom he left as a child; his right feeling engages him to make himself acceptable to uncle as well as niece, and our discourse usually turns upon the inclinations and passions of mankind.

Before we were all assembled, I seized an opportunity to lend a helping hand to my poor mannerists, against the stranger. I spoke of their beautiful nature, their happy handling, their agreeableness, adding, to keep myself safe: Thus much I say only to claim for them a certain degree of forbearance, though I admit that that high beauty, which is the highest end and aim of Art, is in fact quite a different thing.

He replied — with a smile that did not altogether please me, inasmuch as it seemed to express an overweening self-satisfaction, and a sort of compassion for me — Are you then stanch in the old-fashioned principle, that Beauty is the last aim of art?

I answered, that I was not aware of any higher.

Can you tell me what Beauty is? he exclaimed.

Perhaps not, I replied; but I can show it to you. Let us go and see, even by candle light, a fine cast of the Apollo, or a beautiful marble bust of Bac-

chus, that I possess, and try if we cannot agree that they are beautiful.

Before we go upon this quest, said he, it would be necessary for us to examine more closely this word Beauty, and its derivation. Beauty (schönheit) comes from show (schein); it is an appearance, and not worthy to be the object of art. The perfectly characteristic only deserves to be called beauty; without Character there is no Beauty.

Surprised by this mode of expression, I replied: Granted, though it be not proved, that beauty must be characteristic; yet from this it only follows, that character lies at the root of beauty, but by no means that Beauty and Character are the same. Character holds to the beautiful the same relation that the skeleton does to the living man. No one will deny that the osseous system is the foundation of all highly organized forms. It consolidates and defines the form, but is not the form itself; still less does it bring about that last Appearance, which, as the veil and integument of an organized whole, we call Beauty.

I cannot embark in similitudes, said my guest, and from your own words, moreover, it is evident that beauty is something incomprehensible, or the operation of something incomprehensible. What cannot be comprehended is naught; what we cannot make clear by words is nonsense.

I. — Can you then clearly express in words the effect that a colored body produces on your eyes?

He. — That is again a metaphor that I will not be drawn into. It is enough that character can be indicated. You find no beauty without it, else it would be empty and insignificant. All the beauty of the Ancients is only Character, and only out of this quality is beauty developed.

Our Philosopher had arrived meanwhile, and was conversing with my nieces, when, hearing us speak earnestly, he stept forward, and the stranger, encouraged by the accession of a new hearer, proceeded.

That is just the misfortune, when good heads, when people of merit, get hold of such false principles, which have only a seeming of truth, and spread them wider and wider. None appropriate them so willingly as those who know and understand nothing of the subject. Thus has Lessing fastened upon us the principle, that the antique alone cultivates the beautiful; thus has Winckelmann put us to sleep with his "still greatness of simplicity and repose." Whereas the art of the ancients appears in all imaginable forms. But these gentlemen tarry by Jupiter and Juno, Genii and Graces, and hide the ignoble forms and skulls of Barbarians, the rough hair, foul beard, gaunt bones, and wrinkled skin of deformed age, the protruding veins and hanging breasts.

In the name of God, I exclaimed, are there then independent, self-existing works of the best age of Ancient Art, that exhibit such frightful objects? Or are they not rather subordinate works, occasional

pieces, creations of an art that must demean itself acording to outward circumstances, an art on the decline.

He. — I give you the specification, you can yourself search and judge. But you will not deny that the Laocoon, that Niobe, that Dirce with her step-sons, are self-subsistent works of art. Stand before the Laocoon, and contemplate nature in full revolt and desperation. The last choking pang, the desperate struggle, the maddening convulsion, the working of the corroding poison, the vehement fermenting, the stagnating circulation, suffocating pressure, and paralytic death.

The Philosopher seemed to look at me with astonishment, and I answered; We shudder, we are horrified at the bare description. In sooth, if it be so with the group of Laocoon, what are we to say of the pleasure we find in this as in every other true work of art? But I will not meddle in the question. You must settle it with the authors of the Propylæum, who are of just the opposite mind.

It must be admitted, said my guest, that all Antiquity speaks for me; for where do horror and death rage more hideously than in the representation of the Niobe?

I was confounded by this assertion, for only a short time before I had been looking at the copperplates in Fabroni, which I immediately brought forward and opened. I find no trace in the statues of raging horror and death, but rather the greatest

subordination of tragical situation under the highest ideas of dignity, nobleness, beauty, and simplicity. I trace everywhere the artistic purpose to dispose the limbs agreeably and gracefully. The character is expressed only in the most general lines, that run through the work like a sort of ideal skeleton.

He. — Let us turn to the Bas Reliefs, which we shall find at the end of the book.

We opened to them.

I. — Of anything horrible, to speak truly, I see no trace here neither. Where is this rage of horror and death? I see figures so artfully interwoven, so happily placed against or extended upon each other, that while they remind me of a mournful destiny, they give room at the same time for the most charming imaginations. All that is characteristic is tempered, the violent is elevated, and I might say that Character lies at the foundation; upon it rest simplicity and dignity; the highest aim of art is beauty, and its last effect the feeling of pleasure.

The agreeable, which may not be immediately united with the characteristic, comes remarkably before our eyes in these sarcophagi. Are not the dead sons and daughters of Niobe here made use of as ornaments?

This is the highest luxury of art; she adorns no longer with flowers and fruits, but with the corpses of men, with the greatest misfortune that can befall a father or mother, to see a blooming family all at once snatched away. Yes, the beauteous genius

who stands beside the grave, his torch reversed, has stood beside the artist as he invented and perfected, and over his earthly greatness has breathed a heavenly grace.

My guest looked at me with a smile, and shrugged his shoulders. Alas, said he, as I concluded, alas, I see plainly that we can never come together. What a pity that a man of your acquirements, of your sense, will not perceive that these are all empty words; that to a man of understanding, Beauty and Ideal must always be a dream, which he cannot translate into reality, but finds to be in direct opposition to it.

My Philosopher appeared during the latter part of our conversation to be getting uneasy, for as passive and indifferent as he had appeared at the commencement; he moved his chair, twice moved his lips, and when a pause occurred began to speak.

But what he said he shall himself repeat to you. He is here again this morning, for his share in our yesterday's conversation has broken the husk of our mutual mistrust, and two fair plants have become visible in the garden of friendship.

The post goes out this morning, whereby I despatch the present sheets, which have been the cause of my neglecting several of my patients; for this I shall look for pardon at the hand of Apollo, the god who concerns himself alike for physicians and artists.

This afternoon we have further some singular

scenes to expect; our Characteristic is to come back again; and half a dozen strangers more have announced themselves; the weather is charming, and everything in motion.

In relation to the expected company, we have made an agreement, Julia, the Philosopher and I, that we will let no one of their peculiarities escape us.

Yet you shall first have the result of our yesterday's disputation, and receive only the warmest adieus from your hurried, but always

Faithful friend and servant.

LETTER VI.

Our worthy friend gives me leave to sit down to his writing table, and I am his debtor not only for this confidence, but also for the opportunity of addressing you. He calls me the Philosopher; I am sure he would call me the scholar, if he knew how strong my desire is to cultivate myself, how much I wish to learn. But unfortunately it gives us an appearance of presumption in men's eyes, if we only think we are in the right road.

You will pardon my taking so forward a part in the conversation last evening concerning art, having so little experience in the matter, and only possess-

ing some literary acquaintance with the subject, when you have heard my story, and see how I confined myself to generalities, and that I founded my right to a voice principally upon my knowledge of ancient poetry.

I will not deny that I was roused by the way in which my opponent behaved towards my friend. I am still young, and perhaps am apt to be angry unseasonably, and so deserve still less the title of Philosopher. The words of my opponent concerned me too; for if the connoisseur, the lover of art, will not give up the Beautiful, the student in philosophy cannot suffer the Ideal to be classed among chimeras.

And now I will repeat, so far as I can remember, the thread and general tenor of our conversation.

I. — Will you allow me also to put in a word?

The guest, (somewhat scornfully). — With all my heart, and I hope not concerning air figures.

I. — I have some acquaintance with the poetry of the ancients, but have little knowledge of the plastic arts.

Guest. — That I regret; for in that that case we can hardly come to an understanding.

I. — And yet the fine arts are nearly related, and the friends of the separate arts should not misunderstand each other.

Uncle. — Let us hear what you have to say.

I. — The old tragic writers dealt with the stuff in which they worked, in the same way as the plastic

artists, unless these engravings, representing the family of Niobe, give an altogether false impression of the original.

Guest. — They are passably good. They convey an imperfect, but not a false impression.

I. — Now then, so far forth we can take them for a ground to go upon.

Uncle. — What is it you assert of the treatment of the ancient tragic writers?

I. — The subjects they chose, especially in the early times, were often of an unbearable frightfulness.

Guest. — Were the ancient fables insupportably frightful?

I. — Undoubtedly; in the same manner as your account of the Laocoon.

Guest. — Did you find that also unbearable?

I. — I ask pardon. I meant the thing you describe, not your description.

Guest. — And the work itself also?

I. — By no means the work itself, but that which you have seen in it, — the fable, the history, the skeleton, — that which you name the characteristic. For if the Laocoon really stood before our eyes such as you have described it, we ought not to hesitate a moment to dash it to pieces.

Guest. — You use strong expressions.

I. — One may do that as well as another.

Uncle. — Now then for the Ancient Tragedies.

Guest. — Yes, these insupportable subjects.

I. — Very good; but also this supportable, this bearable, this beautiful, grace begetting *treatment*.

Guest. — And that is effected by means of "simplicity and still greatness?"

I. — So it appears.

Guest. — By the softening principle of Beauty?

I. — It can be nothing else.

Guest. — And the old tragedies were after all not frightful?

I. — Hardly, so far as my knowledge extends, if you listen to the poets themselves. In fact, if we regard in poetry only the material which lies at the foundation, if we are to speak of works of art, as if in their place we had seen the actual circumstances, then let us give up the tragedies of Sophocles as loathsome and horrible.

Guest. — I will not argue concerning poetry.

I. — Nor I concerning plastic art.

Guest. — Yes, it is best for each to stick to his own department.

I. — And yet there is a common point of union for all the arts wherefrom the laws of all proceed.

Guest. — And that is —

I. — The soul of man.

Guest. — Ay, ay; that is just the way with you gentlemen of the new school of philosophy. You bring everything upon your own ground and province; and, in fact, it is more convenient to shape the world according to your ideas, than to adapt your notions to the truth of things.

I. — Here is no question of any metaphysical dispute.

Guest. — If there were I should certainly decline it.

I. — I will for the present put Nature out of the question, and we will consider only of man, with whom art necessarily concerns itself, for art exists only through man, and for man.

Guest. — Whither tends all this?

I. — You yourself, when you make Character the end of art, appoint the understanding, which takes cognizance of the characteristic, as the judge.

Guest. — To be sure I do. What I cannot seize with my understanding does not exist for me.

I. — Yet man is not only a being of thought, but also of feeling. He is a whole; an union of various, closely connected powers; and to this whole of man the work of art is to address itself. It must speak to this rich unity, this simple variety in him.

Guest. — Don't carry me with you into this labyrinth, for who could ever help us out again?

I. — It will then be best for us to give up the dispute, and each retain his position.

Guest. — I shall at least hold fast to mine.

I. — Perhaps a means may still be found, whereby if one does not take the other's position, he can at least observe him in it.

Guest. — Propose it then.

I. — We will for a moment contemplate art in its origin.

Guest. — Good.

I. — We will accompany the work of art on its road to perfection.

Guest. — But only by the way of experience, if you expect me to follow. I will have nothing to do with the steep paths of speculation.

I. — You allow me to begin at the beginning?

Guest. — With all my heart.

I. — A man feels an inclination for some object; suppose a single living being.

Guest. — As, for instance, this pretty lap-dog.

Julia. — Come, Bello! It is no small honor to serve as example in such a discussion.

I. — Truly the dog is well enough, and if the man we are speaking of had the gift of imitation, he would try in some way to make a likeness of it. But let him prosper never so well in his imitation, we are still not advanced, for we have at best only two Bellos instead of one.

Guest. — I will not interrupt, but wait and see what is to come of this.

I. — Suppose that this man, to whom for the sake of his talent we will give the name of Artist, has by no means satisfied himself as yet; that his desire seems to him too narrow, too limited; that he busies himself about more individuals, varieties, kinds, species, in such wise that at last, not the creature itself, but the Idea of the creature stands before him, and he is able to express this by means of his art.

Guest. — Bravo! That is just my man, and his work must be characteristic.

I. — No doubt.

Guest. — And there I would stop and go no farther.

I. — But we go beyond this.

Guest. — I stop here.

Uncle. — I will continue the search with you.

I. — By this operation we arrive at a canon useful indeed, and scientifically valuable, but not satisfactory to the soul of man.

Guest. — How then are you going to satisfy the wonderful demands of this dear soul?

I. — Not wonderful; it is only not satisfied in its just claims. An old tradition informs us that the Elohim once took counsel together, saying, let us make man after our own image; and man says therefore, with good cause, let us make gods, and they shall be in our image.

Guest. — We are getting into a dark region.

I. — There is only one light that can aid us here.

Guest. — And that is —

I. — Reason.

Guest. — How far it be a guide, or a will-o'-wisp, is hard to say.

I. — We need not give it a name; but let us ask ourselves what are the demands the soul makes of a work of art. It is not enough that it fills up a limited desire, that it satisfies our curiosity, or gives order and stability to our knowledge; that which is Higher must be awakened in us; we must be inspired with reverence, and feel ourselves worthy of reverence.

Guest. — I begin to be at a loss to comprehend you.

Uncle. — But I think I am able to follow in some measure. How far, I will try to make clear by an example. We will suppose our artist had made an eagle in bronze, which perfectly expressed the idea of the species; but now he would place him on the sceptre of Jupiter. Do you think it would be perfectly suitable there?

Guest. — It must be so.

Uncle. — I say, No! The artist must first impart to him something beyond all this.

Guest. — What then?

Uncle. — It is hard to be expressed.

Guest. — So I should think.

I. — And yet something may be done by approximation.

Guest. — To it then.

I. — He must give to the eagle what he gave to Jupiter, in order to make him into a God.

Guest. — And this is —

I. — The Godlike, — which in truth we should never become acquainted with, did not man feel and himself reproduce it.

Guest. — I continue to hold my ground, and you may lose yourself among the clouds. I see that you mean to indicate the high style of the Greeks, which I prize only so far as it is characteristic.

I. — It is something more to us, however; it answers to a high demand, but still not the highest.

Guest. — You seem to be very hard to satisfy.

I. — It beseems him to demand much for whom much is in store. Let me be brief. The human soul is in an exalted position when it reverences, when it adores; when it elevates an object and is elevated by it again. But it cannot remain long in this state. The conception of Character leaves it cold; the Ideal raises it above itself; but now it must return again into itself, and would gladly enjoy once more that affection which it then felt for the Individual, without coming back to the same limited view, and will not forego the significant, the spirit-moving. What would become of it now, if Beauty did not step in and happily solve the riddle? She first gives life and warmth to the Scientific; and breathing her softening influence and heavenly charm over even the Significant and the High, brings it back to us again. A beautiful work of art has gone through the entire circle; it becomes again an Individual that we can embrace with affection, that we can make our own.

Guest. — Have you done?

I. — For the present. The little circle is completed; we have come back to our starting point; the soul has made its demands, and those demands have been satisfied. I have nothing farther to add. (Here our good uncle was peremptorily called away to a patient.)

Guest. — It is the custom of you philosophic gentlemen to engage in battle behind high sounding words, as if it were an Ægis.

I. — I can assure you that I have not now been speaking as a Philosopher. These are mere matters of experience.

Guest. — Do you call that experience, whereof another can comprehend nothing?

I. — To every experience belongs an organ.

Guest. — Do you mean a separate one?

I. — Not a separate one; but it must have one peculiarity.

Guest. — And what is that?

I. — It must be able to produce.

Guest. — Produce what?

I. — The experience! There is no experience which, being produced, elaborated, will not create.

Guest. — Now that is too bad!

I. — This is particularly the case with Artists.

Guest. — Indeed! How enviable would the portrait painter be, what custom would he not have, if he could reproduce all his acquaintance without troubling people with so many sittings!

I. — I am not deterred by your instance, but farther, am convinced no portrait can be worth anything that the painter does not in the strictest sense create.

Guest, (springing up.) — That is too much! I would you were making game of me, and all this were only in jest. How happy I should be to have the riddle explained in that manner! How gladly would I give my hand to a worthy man like you!

I. — Unfortunately, I am quite in earnest, and cannot come to any other conclusion.

Guest. — Now I did hope, that in parting we should take each other's hand, especially since our good host has departed, who would have held the place of mediator in our dispute. Farewell, Mademoiselle! Farewell, Sir! I will send to inquire to-morrow whether I shall wait on you again.

So he stormed out of the door, and Julia had scarce time to send the maid, who was ready with the lantern, after him. I remained alone with the sweet child, for Caroline had disappeared some time before; I think about the time that my opponent had declared, that mere beauty, without character, must be insipid.

You have done ill, my friend, said Julia, after a short pause. If he did not seem to me altogether in the right, neither can I give unqualified assent to you; for your last assertion was only made to vex him. The portrait painter must make the likeness a pure creation?

Fair Julia, I replied, how much I could wish to make myself clear to you upon this point. Perhaps in time I shall succeed. But you, whose lively spirit is at home in all regions, who not only prize the artist, but in some sense transcend him, and who know how to give form to what your eyes have never seen, as if it stood bodily before you, you should be the last to start when the question is of creation, of production.

Julia. — I see it is your intention to bribe me. That will not be hard, for I am glad to listen to you.

I. — Let us think well of man, and not trouble ourselves if what we say of him may sound a little bizarre. Everybody admits that the poet must be born. Does not every one ascribe to genius a creative power, and no one thinks he is repeating a paradox. We do not deny it to works of fancy; but the inactive, the worthless man, will not believe in the good, the noble, the beautiful, either in himself or others. Whence came it, if it did not spring from ourselves? Ask your own heart. Is not the method of intercourse born with intercourse? Is it not the capacity for good deeds, that rejoices over the good deed? Who ever feels keenly, without the wish to express that feeling? and what do we express but what we create? and in truth, not once only, that it exist and there an end, but that it may operate, ever increase, and again exist, and again be reproduced. This is the godlike power of love, of the singing and speaking of which there is no end, that it reproduces at every moment the noble features of the beloved object, perfects it in the least particulars, embraces it in the whole, rests not by day, sleeps not by night, is enchanted with its own work, is astonished at its own restless activity, ever finds the familiar new, because at every moment it is re-created in the sweetest of all occupations. Yes, the picture of the beloved cannot

grow old, for every moment is the moment of its birth.

To-day I have been a sad transgressor. I have acted contrary to my resolution, by speaking on a subject which I have not fathomed; and I am at this moment on the way to a still greater transgression. Silence becomes the man who feels himself yet unformed. Silence also becomes the lover who dares not hope to be happy. Let me depart before I am doubly guilty.

I seized Julia's hand; I was much moved. She tenderly retained it. Pray heaven that I do not err, that I have not erred!

But let me proceed with my narration. My uncle came back. He was so friendly as to praise in me what I blamed in myself; was delighted that my ideas upon art agreed with his. He promised shortly to give me the practical instruction I needed. Julia also playfully promised me her lessons if I would be more conversible, more sympathizing, and I feel she can make of me whatever she will.

The maid returned from lighting the stranger. She was highly satisfied with his liberality, for he had given her a handsome gratification; but she praised his politeness still more highly, for he had dismissed her with a friendly word, and, moreover, called her "Pretty Maid."

I was not in a humor to spare him, and exclaimed, "O yes! I can easily credit, that one who denies the ideal, should take the common for the beautiful."

Julia playfully reminded me, that justice and moderation were also an ideal that man must strive after.

It was now late, and my uncle imposed a service upon me, whereby I might also serve myself. He gave me a copy of that letter to you, where he speaks of the various kinds of lovers of art. He also gave me your answer, and desired me to study the two, and arrange my thoughts on the subject, and to be present when the expected company of strangers came to visit his cabinet, and see if we could not discover and describe more classes. I spent the rest of the night over this task, and have drawn up a scheme, which is pleasant at least if not profound, and has this merit, that it gave Julia a good laugh this morning.

Now, farewell. I note that this letter is to go with my uncle's, now lying on the writing table. I have only ventured to look hastily over what I have written. How much is there to alter, how much to define more clearly! Yes, if I did as my feelings prompt, these sheets would go into the fire instead of the post. But if only the perfect were to be communicated, how ill would it fare with all conversation! Meantime, blessed be our guest for putting me in a passion, and causing my effervescence, which led to this intercourse with you, and opened the way to new and fair relations.

LETTER VII.

Yet another sheet from Julia's hand! Again you see the handwriting of which you augured an easily apprehending, easily imparting mind, one that floated lightly over subjects.

In sooth, these qualities must stand me in stead this day, if I am to fulfil a duty which is in the strictest sense forced upon me. For I feel thereto neither called nor fitted. But the gentlemen will have it so, and so it must be.

I am to give you an account of our proceedings yesterday; must depict the persons who visited our cabinet, and thereafter explain to you a most interesting piece of framework, into which, in time to come, each and every artist, and friend of art, who holds fast by a single part, and does not raise himself to the contemplation of the whole, is to be fitted and set. The first part, being historical, I will attempt; and to-morrow I will see if I cannot decline the remainder of the commission.

But that you may know how it falls to my lot to correspond with you, I will shortly relate what took place last evening, after our guests' departure.

We had been sitting long together (that is, our uncle, our young friend who will no longer be called Philosopher, and the two sisters), and had entertained ourselves with the day's occurrences, and enrolled ourselves, as well as all our friends, in the

different rubrics. When we were about to separate, my uncle began: Now who shall give to our absent friend, whom we have so often wished for, whom we have so often thought of to-day, a speedy account of all that has befallen, and of the progress we have made in the knowledge and judgment of ourselves as well as others? We must not fail of this communication, so that we may get something back again from him, and thus the snowball be ever kept rolling and increasing.

I replied: I did not think it could be in better hands than if our uncle gave the history of our day, and our friend should take upon himself to give an account of the new theory and its application.

So soon as you pronounce the word theory, said our friend, I must retreat, and excuse myself with precipitation, happy as I should be to please you in all things. I know not what it is, has been leading me all day from mistake to mistake. No sooner did I once break my silence in regard to art, which I ought first to have acquired some knowledge of, than I suffered myself to be persuaded to set down on paper my notions, which must appear theoretical, on a subject of which I am not master. Leave me in the consoling belief that I was led into this weakness through affection for my worthy friend, but spare me the disgrace of appearing with these crudities before persons in whose presence I as a stranger would not wish to appear at such disadvantage.

My uncle now declared, that, for his part, for the

next eight days he should not be at leisure to think of a letter; my near and distant patients demand all my attention. I must visit, write consultations, go into the country. Try, my dear children, how you can agree together. My idea was, that Julia should take her pen forthwith, and begin with the historical and end with the speculative part. She has an excellent memory for events, and in her pleasantry I have noticed that she often takes the lead of us in reasoning. Good will is the only thing wanting, and in this quality she is still richer than in the others.

These were the words. Thus am I forced to write about myself. I held out as long as I could, but was obliged to yield at last; and I will not deny that I was finally determined by a couple of good friendly words from the young man, who has acquired I know not what power over me.

And now my thoughts are directed towards you, my pen hurries away to you. It seems to me, while I write, that the distance between us is fast melting away. Now I am with you; may I and my story find a friendly welcome.

We had hardly risen from table yesterday when two strangers were announced; they were a governor and his pupil.

Wickedly disposed, and eager for our prey, we hastened to the cabinet. The young gentleman was a pretty, quiet young man; his tutor's manners were good, though not distinguished. After the usual pre-

face, he looked round at the pictures, and asked leave to take notes concerning the most remarkable. My uncle good-naturedly pointed out to him the best pieces in each apartment; the stranger noted down briefly the name of the master, and the subject. He wished also to know how much each work had cost; how much it was worth in ready money. In which respects we were of course not always able to gratify him.

The young gentleman was rather pensive than observant. He seemed most inclined to linger by lonely landscapes, rock scenes, and waterfalls.

Our guest of the preceding day, whom I will in future distinguish as the *Characteristic*, now made his appearance; he was cheerful and good humored, joked with the uncle and nephew about yesterday's dispute, and assured them that he still hoped to convert them. My uncle, equally affable, led him to an interesting picture; our friend seemed dull and sad, and I took him to task about it. He affirmed that his opponent's good humor had disturbed him for the moment, but promised to get over it forthwith.

We were observing how affably our uncle conversed with his guest, when a lady entered with two travelling companions. We girls, who had donned our best in anticipation of this visit, hastened to bid her welcome. She was friendly and conversable, and we did not quarrel with a certain degree of sternness that became her age and condition. Though a head shorter than my sister and I, she

seemed to look down upon us, and to please herself with the superiority of her mind and experience.

We asked her what she would look at. She assured us that she preferred to walk around alone in a gallery or cabinet, that she might be left to her own feelings. We left her to her feelings, and maintained a becoming distance.

Observing that she expressed to her companions her disapprobation of some Dutch pictures and their ignoble subjects, I thought to recommend myself by placing on the easel a case containing a superb reclining Venus. The master is uncertain, but all agree as to its great excellence. I opened the doors and desired her to step into the proper light. But alas, how little did I serve myself! No sooner did she set eyes on the picture, than she cast them down, and looked at me with evident displeasure. I did not expect, she said, to have such an object placed before my eyes by a young and modest girl. Why not? said I. And can you ask why! replied the lady.

I collected myself, and said with the appearance of naiveté: Certainly, gracious lady, I see no reason why I should not show you this picture, especially since I thought I was giving a proof of my zeal, in showing you in the outset this gem of our collection, which is usually kept until the last.

The Lady.— And so this nakedness does not disturb you?

Julia. — I do not know why I should be disturbed

by the sight of the most beautiful that eye can behold. And besides, this object is not new to me; I have seen it ever since I was a child.

Lady. — I cannot praise your instructors, who let such objects become familiar to your eyes.

Julia. — Pardon me! but how was it possible to prevent it? How could they do otherwise? They taught me natural history; they showed me the birds in their feathers, the beasts in their furs, they hid not from me the scales of the fishes; and yet, to hide from me the form of man, to which the whole points, aims, and tends! Is that possible? For certain, if they had shown me all men drest up in hoods, I should not have tarried nor stayed till I had seen a man's face; and besides, am I not a girl myself? How can you hide man from himself? And is it not a good school of modesty, since we always think well enough of our own looks to make us acquainted with the truly beautiful?

The Lady. — Humility operates from within outwards, Mademoiselle; and true modesty needs no external incitement. It seems to me also it would not be foreign to a lady's duties for her to bridle her curiosity, to restrain her inquisitiveness, and at least keep it out of the way of objects that might, in so many senses, become dangerous.

Julia. — There may be persons, my lady, who are susceptible to such negative virtues. As to my own education, you must take my worthy uncle to task for that. He often said to me, — Accustom yourself

to the free contemplation of nature; she will always awaken serious reflections, and the beauty of art will hallow the sentiments that arise from it.

The lady turned round and spoke English to her silent companions. She did not seem to be altogether satisfied with my freedom. She turned away, and being in the neighborhood of an Annunciation, I accompanied her to it. She looked at the picture with attention; and at last expressed her admiration of the angels' wings and their natural appearance.

After remaining there a long time, she hastened towards an Ecce Homo, where she remained in a state of rapture. But as I do not find that that suffering face does me any good, I sought to put Caroline into my place. I winked to her, and she left the young Baron with whom she was standing in a window, and who was at that moment putting a paper back into his pocket.

On my asking how the young gentleman had entertained her, she answered; He has been reading me some verses which he addresses to his beloved in absence. The verses are very pretty, added she, get him to show you them.

I found no occasion for talking with him, for he just then stepped up to the lady, and announced himself as a distant relation. She turned her back, as was natural, upon our Lord Christ, to greet her Lord Cousin. Art seemed for a while to be forgotten, and a lively conversation upon general and family subjects arose.

Our young philosophic friend, meantime, had accosted one of the lady's companions, whom he had discovered to be an artist, and went about with him from picture to picture, in the hope of learning something, as he told us afterwards; but his wish was not gratified, although the man seemed to possess considerable knowledge.

His remarks turned upon the various deficiencies in each work. Here the drawing, and there the perspective was to blame; in one the chiaro scuro was amiss, in another the colors were not well laid on, or the pencilling was out of the way; one shoulder did not fit the body; this glory was too white, that fire too red; this figure did not stand on the right plane; and with remarks like these he destroyed all enjoyment from the pictures.

In order to relieve my friend, who, as I remarked, did not seem to be highly edified, I called to the governor and said to him, You have seen the best pictures and noted their value; here is a connoisseur who can make you acquainted with their faults, which it is also interesting to know. But no sooner had I set my friend free, than we found ourselves worse off than before. The second companion of the lady, a learned man, who had been all the time roaming through the chambers severe and solitary, and examining the pictures with a lorgnette, began to speak, and lamented the small number of pictures in which the costume was properly adhered to. He found the anachronisms the most insufferable of all,

he said; for how could a man endure to see St. Joseph reading out of a bound book, Adam digging with a shovel, St. Jerom, St. Francis, and St. Catherine, all in one picture with the infant Christ! Faults like these were so common, that one could not look round in a picture gallery with any satisfaction.

My uncle was courteously attentive from time to time to the lady as well as the rest; but he seemed to be most at home with the Characteristic, who also presently called to mind having met the lady previously in some cabinet; the guests began to move about, to speak on general subjects, to hurry through the remaining rooms, so that in the midst of works of art, one began to feel as if art itself were an hundred miles removed.

Finally, our old servant attracted great attention. He might well be called the under-guardian of our collection. He is the exhibitor when our uncle is detained, or when we are satisfied that the visitors come only from curiosity. He has devised certain tricks, which he puts in practice on such occasions to show off the pictures. He knows how to astonish strangers by the high prices of pictures, exhibits the picture-puzzles, shows some remarkable reliques, and above all enchants the beholders by the ingenuity of the automatons.

On the present occasion he did the honors to the lady's servants and some other persons of that class, and had succeeded better in entertaining them after

his fashion, than we had done with the rest of the company. At last he set to playing before his public an ingenious automaton drummer, that my uncle had long ago banished to a lower room; our wellbred circle was soon attracted in the same direction, the tasteless put everybody in good humor, and night overtook us before a third part of our collection had been shown. The travellers could not afford another day; they hurried back together to the inn, and we remained alone in the evening.

Now was the time for comparing notes, and a recapitulation of mischievous observations; and if our guests did not testify any great regard for our pictures, I will not deny that we did not handle the spectators very lovingly.

Caroline in particular was sadly put out, that she had not been able to attract the attention of the young man from his mistress, and fix it on herself. I maintained that nothing could be more insipid, than for a girl to read a poem intended for another. But she took the opposite view, and asserted that she found it sweet, nay, edifying. She too has an absent lover, and would desire nothing more ardently, than that he should exercise the like discretion in the presence of another maiden.

Over a cold collation, where we did not forget to drink your health, our young friend was called upon to read his survey of artists and amateurs, which he did after some delay. How it sounds I shall not be able to tell you to-day. My fingers are tired, my

mind used up; and I must see if I cannot be relieved from this business. This account of the peculiarities of our visitors I am willing to let go, but I am dubious about proceeding farther; and for the present let me creep quietly out of your presence.

JULIA.

LETTER VIII.

Julia's hand once more! To-day it is my free will, nay in some degree the spirit of contradiction, that sets me to writing. In consequence of my prolonged resistance yesterday to undertaking the labor of giving you an account of the rest of our transactions, it was resolved that a solemn academical sitting should be holden this evening, in which the subject was to be rehearsed, that it might finally be enabled to reach you. Now the gentlemen are absent about their affairs, and I feel prompted and encouraged to undertake it alone, instead of calling in the aid they magnanimously promised, and thus give them an agreeable surprise this evening. How many things men undertake that they would never be able to carry through, if the women did not step in at the right moment, and generously lend their aid to perfect what was so easily begun, and is found so hard to finish.

A singular circumstance occurred in our endeavors to enroll our guests of yesterday in our classes. They would not fit in anywhere, and we found no division for them.

When we took the Philosopher to task for this, he said: My classification may have other omissions, but it redounds to its honor, that, except the Characteristic, not one of your guests of yesterday finds any place in it. My rubrics only embrace peculiarities, which appear as wants when the artist is thus limited by nature, as faults when he knowingly acquiesces in such one-sidedness. The false, the distorted, the admixture of foreign matters, finds no place in them. My six classes embrace the single sides, which, all united, would result in the true artist, as well as the true connoisseur; but which, judging from my own small experience, and what I see in the papers that have been communicated to me, too often, alas! occur separately.

And now for the thing itself!

FIRST DIVISION.

Imitators.

This talent may be regarded as the basis of the plastic arts. Whether they take their rise from it, may remain a question. Beginning with this, the artist may at last raise himself to the highest. If he sticks to it, we call him copyist, which title in itself conveys an unfavorable idea. But if a genius

of this sort manifests a desire to advance continually in his narrow path, a demand for perfect imitation must at last grow out of it, which the amateur seeks for, and the artist endeavors to realize. If you miss the transition to true art, you are in the most out of the way by-path. You at last come to painting statues, and go down to posterity, like our good grandfather, in your damask dressing gown.

The passion for silhouettes has an affinity for the same class. A collection of them is interesting enough when confined to the portfolio; but we must not cover our walls with these dismal half-realities.

The Imitator only makes a duplicate of his original, without doing anything with it, or carrying us beyond it. He shows us the object in its most circumscribed side. We are astonished that the thing should be possible, and experience a certain satisfaction. Yet it cannot be truly pleasing to us, because artistic truth is wanting to impart a higher beauty. As soon as this steps in, we perceive that the likeness has acquired a great charm, which we are conscious of in a great many German, Flemish, and French portraits, and still-life subjects.

(*Nota Bene.* Do not imagine, because you see my hand-writing, that all this comes out of my head. I meant to have underscored what I copy word for word from the paper, but there would be too much to underscore. You will see where I refer, and may recognize the words of your own last letter.)

SECOND DIVISION.

The Imaginative.

In their treatment of this class, our friends indulged in too much satire. It seemed as if the subject enticed them to step a little out of the track; and though I, professedly of this class, was present, and demanded justice and civility, I could not prevent their loading it with a heap of epithets that did not sound altogether commendatory. They were called *Poetizers*, because, instead of recognising the poetic side of art, and striving for its attainment, they rather emulated the poets, trenching upon their prerogative, and mistaking and neglecting their own interest. They were also called the *Showmen*, because they strive so hard to get up an appearance, and excite the fancy without troubling themselves how far their execution is sufficient to satisfy it. They were nicknamed *Phantomists*, because a hollow spirit-world has so much charm for them; *Phantasmists*, because dreamy distortions and incoherencies are not wanting; *Nebulists*, because they will not refrain from using the clouds as a suitable ground for their air-pictures.

It was maintained that they were without reality, and had never anywhere had existence; that they were wanting in artistic truth and real beauty.

As the Imitators had been accused of a false naturalness, so this class were not free from the reproach of a false nature, and more sins of the like

kind were attributed to them. I perceived that it was the gentlemen's object to provoke me, and I did them the pleasure to become really mischievous.

I asked them, whether genius did not chiefly express itself through invention? whether this prerogative could be disputed with the poetizers? whether we should not feel grateful, when the mind was charmed by a beautiful dream-picture? whether, after all, in this department, that had been disgraced by so many questionable epithets, the ground and possibility of the highest art was not comprised? whether wearisome prose had any mightier opponent than this capacity to form new worlds? whether it were not an estimable talent, an estimable quality, of which one should always speak with reverence, even when one finds it astray?

The gentlemen soon yielded. They reminded me that we were now only speaking of a one-sidedness, and that this quality, which is of such importance in its relation with the whole, was, on that very account, injurious when it was isolated, separate, independent. The Imitator does no injury to art, for he brings it laboriously to a point where the true artist can and must take it up. But the imaginative, on the other hand, is the cause of endless harm to art, because he drives it beyond all bounds, and the greatest genius would be requisite to bring it back from its license and wildness, into its true and appointed circle.

The subject was debated forth and back for some

time; finally, they wished to know, whether I did not admit that Caricature, that confounding of all art, taste, and manners, had its origin in this department?

In truth I did not undertake to defend it. But I cannot deny that I have often been amused by such distorted trash; and the spirit of mischief, that original and hereditary sin of all the children of Adam, does not relish ill, by way of piquant sauce.

But, to proceed!

THIRD DIVISION.

Characteristic.

With these you are already well acquainted, having been fully informed concerning a remarkable individual of this class. If the significant is to make amusement for me, I can easily grant that another should take it in earnest. When such a Character-man prepares the way, so that my Poetizer shall not become a Phantasmist, or lose himself in mist and uncertainty, he will always secure my praise and esteem.

Our uncle seemed also, since the last conversation, more inclined to take the part of our guest, and with him, of all his class. He thought them in one sense entitled to the name of *Rigorists*. Their abstraction, their going back to the idea, always established and advanced something; and, compared with the emptiness of some other classes of artists

and amateurs, he thought the Characteristic especially praiseworthy.

But the little obstinate Philosopher here showed his teeth, and maintained, that their one-sidedness was yet more injurious to Art, than the extravagance of the Imaginative class, even because of their apparent rectitude, on which account he would not give up his quarrel with them.

It is an odd thing about a philosopher, how indulgent he is in some ways, and stiff-necked in others; when once I get possession of the key, how this shall vanish! I further find, in examining the papers, that he bespatters them with various nicknames. He calls them *Skeletists*, *Formalists*, *Pedants;* and remarks in a note, that a merely logical existence, a mere operation of the understanding, did not satisfy or assist us in matters of Art. I will not break my head in investigating his meaning.

Moreover, the Character-men are wanting in that lightness, without which no art is worth having. I will let this also pass.

FOURTH DIVISION.

The Wavy.

This name designates those who stand in opposition to the last named, and who love the soft and agreeable, without character and significance, by which means their highest attainment is an indiffer-

ent gracefulness. They were also called *Serpentine*, and we called to mind the time when the Serpentine line was adopted as the model and symbol of beauty, and this was thought a great step in progress. This serpentine and soft style manifests itself in artists as well as amateurs, by a certain weakness, sleepiness, and if you will, sickly gracefulness. Such works are in demand by those who wish to find in a work of art something that is a little more than nothing at all; who never see the varied colors of a soap-bubble in the air without delight. Works of this class can hardly be said to have a body or substance, so that their merit chiefly depends on the handling, and a certain appearance of softness. They are wanting in meaning and power, and are therefore generally acceptable, as Nullity is in society; for rightly speaking, a social entertainment is but little more than nothing at all.

As soon as the artist or amateur abandons himself to this one-sided inclination, art touches a despairing chord, and disappears like a stream in the sand. The handling becomes weaker and more superficial; the colors vanish from the pictures; the lines of the engraver become points; and so by degrees, to the delight of soft amateurs, all ends in smoke.

On my sister's account, who as you know does not understand joking on this subject, and becomes sad when any one destroys her airy circle, we hurried briefly over this division. I had previously

endeavored to fix the name of *Nebulists* on this class, and so free my Imaginative friends from it; and I hope that when you revise this matter, you will take this change into consideration.

FIFTH DIVISION.

Artists in Little.

This class came off well. No one found cause of quarrel with it. Many spoke for it, few against it.

Looking only at the effect, they are not amiss; they cover a small space with the greatest care, and the amateur can possess the labor of years in a small casket. As far as their labor is artistic, they deserve the name of Miniaturists. When they fail in spirit, have no feeling for the whole, cannot bring any unity into their work, they must be set down as Dot and Point makers.

They are not in opposition to true art; they hold the same position towards it that the Imitators do. They remind the true artist, that this quality which they make exclusive, must be added to his other talents to complete his culture, and give to his work its highest perfection.

I now remember that in my uncle's letter to you, this class was spoken of with consideration and forbearance; so we will dismiss these quiet people, and trouble them no farther than to wish them in all cases Power, Significance, and Unity.

SIXTH DIVISION.

Sketchers.

My uncle confessed himself a member of this class, and we were inclined not to say anything very bad concerning it, when he himself called upon us, to take notice that it promoted a one-sidedness, equally dangerous for art with that of the heroes of the other rubrics. It is the aim of art not only to address the soul through the outward sense, but to satisfy the outward sense itself. The soul may then accompany the sense, and not withhold its applause. But the Sketcher addresses himself immediately to the soul, thus enchanting and bribing the inexperienced. A happy idea, only half shown, and as it were symbolically expressed, glides through the eye, stirs up the mind, the understanding, the imagination, and the beholder, taken by surprise, sees what does not exist. There is no longer any question about form, character, expression, grouping, harmony, execution, but instead we find an appearance of each. Mind speaks to mind, and the medium of communication is naught.

Those enchanting hieroglyphics, the admirable sketches of great masters, are the chief source of this passion, and lead the true amateur by degrees to the threshold of united art, from which he has no sooner cast a look forward than he is safe from falling back again. But the unfinished artist has more to fear than the amateur, when he stops to

look around in the circle of sketching and fancy; for if he rashly step through this door into the circle of art, he runs the risk of remaining forever on the threshold.

These are nearly my uncle's own words.

But I forget the names of those artists, who were mentioned as having raised great expectation by their talent; but falling into this error, never fulfilled the hopes that were entertained of them.

My uncle has in his collection a portfolio of the drawings of such artists, and says that interesting observations could be made by comparing these sketches with those of great masters, who also knew how to perfect their works.

When we had got so far as to contemplate these six classes awhile separately, we began to put them together again, as we often find them united in artists, of which I have noticed some instances in the course of my narrative. Thus the Imitator is often one with the Artist in Little, and also with the Characteristic. The Sketcher places himself by the side of the Imaginative, the Skeletist, or the Wavy; and this last again unites himself with the Phantomist.

Every such union brought out some example of a work of high art; whilst the separate qualities, so long as we sought examples for them, could be shown only in rare instances.

In this way we came back to the consideration

from which we had started, viz., that the perfect artist could only exist by the union of all six qualities, and that the true amateur must also unite an inclination for all the six departments.

The first half of our six proceed with an excess of earnestness, severity, and caution; the other half with too much lightness and license. True art can only exist where the serious and the sportive are united, and when our one-sided artists and amateurs stand opposed to each other, thus:

The Imitator to the Imaginative.
The Characteristic to the Wavy.
The Artist in Little to the Sketcher.

Thus, by union of these opposites, the result is always one of the three requisites of a perfect work of art, as by way of review the whole can be exhibited in the following wise.

Here you have the synopsis of the whole! My task is accomplished, and I take my leave the more hastily, because I am convinced that a murmur of assent or dissent will spring up as soon as I come to an end. I must next set about what I have upon my heart; a confession that does not concern the department of art, and I will mend a pen for that purpose; for this one is so written up, that I must turn it round to subscribe a name that I hope you will now, as ever, see with pleasure.

JULIA.

Earnestness	*Earnestness and Playfulness*	*Playfulness*
alone.	united.	alone.
Individual inclination.	Cultivation of the Universal.	Individual inclination.
Manner.	Style.	Manner.
Imitators.	Artistic Truth.	Phantomists.
Characteristics.	Beauty.	Wavy.
Artists in little.	Perfection.	Sketchers.

ON TRUTH AND PROBABILITY IN WORKS OF ART.

A DIALOGUE.

In a certain German theatre, there was represented a sort of oval amphitheatrical structure, with boxes filled with painted spectators, seemingly occupied with what was transacting below. Many of the real spectators in the pit and boxes were dissatisfied with this, and took it amiss that anything so untrue and improbable was put upon them. Whereupon the conversation took place, of which we here give the general purport.

The Friend of the Artist.— Let us see if we cannot by some means agree more nearly.

The Spectator. — I do not see how such a representation can be defended.

Friend. — Tell me, when you go into a theatre, do you not expect all you see to be true and real?

Spectator. — By no means! I only ask that what I see shall appear true and real.

Friend. — Pardon me if I contradict even your inmost conviction, and maintain this is by no means he thing you demand.

Spectator.— That is singular! If I did not make this requisition, why should the scene painter take so much pains to draw each line in the most perfect manner, according to the rules of perspective, and represent every object in the most perfect keeping? Why waste so much study on the costume? Why spend so much to ensure its truth, so that I may be carried back into those times? Why is that player most highly praised, who most truly expresses the sentiment, who in speech, gesture, delivery, comes nearest the truth, who persuades me that I behold, not an imitation, but the thing itself?

Friend. — You express your feelings admirably well, but it is harder than you may think to have a right comprehension of our feelings. What should you say, if I reply, that theatrical representations by no means seem really true to you, but rather to have only an appearance of truth?

Spectator. — I should say that you advanced a subtlety that was little more than a play upon words.

Friend. — And I uphold, that when we are speaking of the operations of the soul, no words can be delicate and subtle enough; and that this sort of play upon words indicates a need of the soul, which, not being able adequately to express what passes within us, seeks to work by way of antithesis, to give an answer to each side of the question, and thus, as it were, find the thing between them.

Spectator. — Very good. Only explain yourself more fully, and, if you will oblige me, by examples.

Friend. — I shall be glad to avail myself of them. For instance, when you are at an opera, do you not experience a lively and complete satisfaction?

Spectator. — Yes, when everything is in harmony, one of the most complete I know.

Friend. — But when the good people there meet and compliment each other with a song, sing off billets that they hold in their hands, sing you their love, their hatred, and all their passions, fight singing, and die singing, can you say that the whole representation, or even any part of it, is true? or, I may say, has even an appearance of truth?

Spectator. — In fact, when I consider, I could not say it had. None of these things seem true.

Friend. — And yet you are completely pleased and satisfied with the exhibition?

Spectator. — Beyond question. I still remember how the opera used to be ridiculed on account of this gross improbability, and how I always received the greatest satisfaction from it, in spite of this, and find more and more pleasure the richer and more complete it becomes.

Friend. — And you do not then at the opera experience a complete deception?

Spectator. — Deception, that is not the proper word, — and yet, yes! — But no ——

Friend. — Here you are in a complete contradiction, which is far worse than a quibble.

Spectator. — Let us proceed quietly; we shall soon see light.

Friend. — As soon as we come into the light, we shall agree. Having reached this point, will you allow me to ask you some questions?

Spectator. — It is your duty, having questioned me into this dilemma, to question me out again.

Friend. — The feeling you have at the exhibition of an opera, cannot be rightly called deception?

Spectator. — I agree. Still it is a sort of deception; something nearly allied to it.

Friend. — Tell me, do you not almost forget yourself?

Spectator. — Not almost, but quite, when the whole or some part is excellent.

Friend. — You are enchanted?

Spectator. — It has happened more than once.

Friend. — Can you explain under what circumstances?

Spectator. — Under so many, it would be hard to tell.

Friend. — Yet you have already told when it is most apt to happen, viz., when all is in harmony.

Spectator. — Undoubtedly.

Friend. — Did this complete representation harmonize with itself, or some other natural product?

Spectator. — With itself, certainly.

Friend. — And this harmony was a work of art?

Spectator. — It must have been.

Friend. — We have denied to the opera the possession of a certain sort of truth. We have maintained that it is by no means faithful to what it

professes to represent. But can we deny to it a certain interior truth, which arises from its completeness as a work of art?

Spectator. — When the opera is good, it creates a little world of its own, in which all proceeds according to fixed laws, which must be judged by its own laws, felt according to its own spirit.

Friend. — Does it not follow from this, that truth of nature and truth of art are two distinct things, and that the artist neither should nor may endeavor to give his work the air of a work of nature?

Spectator. — But yet it has so often the air of a work of nature.

Friend. — That I cannot deny. But may I on the other hand be equally frank?

Spectator. — Why not? our business is not now with compliments.

Friend. — I will then venture to affirm, that a work of art can seem to be a work of nature only to a wholly uncultivated spectator; such a one the artist appreciates and values indeed, though he stands on the lowest step. But, unfortunately, he can only be satisfied when the artist descends to his level; he will never rise with him, when, prompted by his genius, the true artist must take wing, in order to complete the whole circle of his work.

Spectator. — Your remark is curious; but proceed.

Friend. — You would not let it pass unless you had yourself attained a higher step.

Spectator. — Let me now make trial, and take the place of questioner, in order to arrange and advance our subject.

Friend. — I shall like that better still.

Spectator. — You say that a work of art could appear as a work of nature only to an uncultivated person?

Friend. — Certainly. You remember the birds that tried to eat the painted cherries of the great master?

Spectator. — Now, does not that show that the cherries were admirably painted?

Friend. — By no means. It rather convinces me that these connoisseurs were true sparrows.

Spectator. — I cannot, however, for this reason, concede that this work could have been other than excellent.

Friend. — Shall I tell you a more modern story.

Spectator. — I would rather listen to stories than arguments.

Friend.— A certain great naturalist, among other domesticated animals, possessed an ape, which, missing one day, he found after a long search in the library. There sat the beast on the ground, with the plates of an unbound work of Natural History scattered about him. Astonished at this zealous fit of study on the part of his familiar, the gentleman approached, and found, to his wonder and vexation, that the dainty ape had been making his dinner of the beetles that were pictured in various places.

Spectator. — It is a droll story.

Friend. — And seasonable, I hope. You would not compare these colored copperplates with the work of so great an artist?

Spectator. — No, indeed.

Friend. — But you would reckon the ape among the uncultivated amateurs?

Spectator. — Yes, and among the greedy ones! You awaken in me a singular idea. Does not the uncultivated amateur, just in the same way, desire a work to be natural, that he may be able to enjoy it in a natural, which is often a vulgar and common way?

Friend. — I am entirely of that opinion.

Spectator. — And you maintain, therefore, that an artist lowers himself when he tries to produce this effect?

Friend. — Such is my firm conviction.

Spectator. — But here again I feel a contradiction. You did me just now the honor to number me, at lowest, among the half-instructed spectators.

Friend. — Among those who are on the way to become true connoisseurs.

Spectator. — Then explain to me, Why does a perfect work of art appear like a work of nature to m also?

Friend. — Because it harmonizes with your better nature. Because it is above natural, yet not unnatural. A perfect work of art is a work of the human soul, and in this sense, also, a work of nature. But

because it collects together the scattered objects, of which it displays even the most minute in all their significance and value, it is above nature. It will be comprehensible by a mind that is harmoniously formed and developed, and such a one, in proportion to its depth, discovers that which is perfect and complete in itself. The common spectator, on the contrary, has no idea of it; he treats a work of art as he would any object he meets with in the market. But the true connoisseur sees not only the truth of the imitation, but also the excellence of the selection, the refinement of the composition, the superiority of the little world of art; he feels that he must rise to the level of the artist, in order to enjoy his work; he feels that he must collect himself out of his scattered life, must live with the work of art, see it again and again, and through it receive a higher existence.

Spectator. — Well said, my friend. I have often made similar reflections upon pictures, the drama, and other species of poetry, and had an instinct of those things you require. I will in future give more heed, both to myself and to works of art. But if I am not mistaken, we have left the subject of our dispute quite behind. You would have persuaded me, that I was to find these painted spectators at our opera admissible, and I do not yet see, though we have come to an agreement, by what arguments you mean to support this license, and under what rubric I am to admit these painted lookers-on.

Friend. — Fortunately, the opera is repeated to-night; I trust you will not miss it.

Spectator. — On no account.

Friend. — And the painted men ?

Spectator. — Shall not alarm me, for I think myself something more than a sparrow.

Friend. — I hope that a mutual interest may bring us together again.

ROSALIA'S SANCTUARY.

Saint Rosalia, patron saint of Palermo, is so generally known by the description Brydone gives of her festival, that some account of the spot specially consecrated to her service, may not be uninteresting.

Monte Pellegrino is a huge mass of rock, broader than it is high, lying at the north-westerly end of the Gulf of Palermo. It is impossible to convey in words an idea of its exquisite outline; an imperfect representation of it may be seen in the "Voyage Pittoresque de la Sicile." It consists of gray limestone of the oldest formation; the rock is bare, with the exception of a little turf and moss that grow on the level portions.

About the commencement of the last century, the bones of the saint were discovered in a cave on this mountain, and carried to Palermo. Their presence banished the plague from the city, and Rosalia became from that moment the patron saint of the people; chapels were built to her, and splendid festivities instituted in her honor.

The devout made assiduous pilgrimages to the mountain, and a pathway was built at a great ex-

pense, resting like an aqueduct upon pillars, and ascending zigzag between two cliffs.

The consecrated spot is more in keeping with the humility of the saint who fled to it, than is the pompous festival instituted to celebrate her complete renunciation of the world. And perhaps all Christendom, after having for eighteen hundred years built its wealth, its splendor, its festive rejoicings, upon the sufferings of its first founders and most ardent professors, has no other holy place to show, which is adorned and reverenced with so much innocence and feeling.

When you have ascended the mountain, you turn round a corner, and find yourself opposite to a steep wall of rock, directly against which the church and cloister are built.

The outside of the church is neither inviting nor promising. You open the door without expectation being aroused, but are filled with astonishment when you enter. You find yourself in a porch which runs into the body of the church and opens into the nave. Here are the usual holy-water vessels, and confessional chairs. The nave of the church is an open court, bounded on the right side by rough rocks, on the left by a continuation of the porch. It is protected by projecting slabs of stone, to let the rain water run off; a little fountain stands near the centre.

The cave itself is metamorphosed into a choir, without altering in the least its rough natural form.

Several steps lead up to it; the great desk with the choir-book stands opposite the choir seats on each side. The whole is lighter by the daylight falling from the court or nave. Far back, in the darkness of the cave, stands the high altar in the centre.

As I have mentioned already, the cave has not been altered; but as the rocks are always dropping with water, it was necessary to adopt some means to keep the place dry. This is done by means of leaden gutters, led along the edges of the rocks, and united with each other at various points. These being broad above, and running to a point on the under-side, and painted of a dull green, it looks as if the whole interior of the cave were grown over with huge plants of Indian Fig. The water is partly led off at the sides, and partly runs back into a clear reservoir, whence it is drawn by the devout, and used as a remedy for every kind of evil.

Whilst I was examining these objects, a priest came up to me, and asked "if I were a Genoese, and wished to have some masses said?" I replied, that "I had come to Palermo in company with a Genoese, who was coming up to-morrow, it being holy-day; but as one or other of us must stay at home, I had come up to-day to look about me." He replied, that I might use my pleasure, examine whatever I wished, and perform my devotions. He recommended especially to my attention, an altar, standing on the left hand in the cave, as a particularly sacred object, and left me.

I saw the shimmer of lamps beneath the altar, through the openings of a large piece of leaf-work of hammered brass: I kneeled down before it and looked through the openings. Within, there was still another net work of finely woven brass wire, so that the interior was seen as through a veil.

By the light of a single quiet lamp I could distinguish a beautiful lady.

She lay, as if in a sort of ecstasy, her eyes half closed, her head resting carelessly on her right hand, which was adorned with many rings. I could not look at the image enough, it seemed to have an altogether peculiar charm. Her garment is made of gilded metal, imitating admirably the effect of cloth of gold. The head and hands are of white marble; I would not venture to say in a high style, but so naturally and agreeably represented, that you expect to see breath and motion.

A little angel stands near, and seems to wave a lily stalk, as if to fan her.

Meantime the priests had come into the cave, and taken their seats, and were singing the vesper.

I sat down on a bench opposite the altar and listened for a while; then I betook myself again to the altar, kneeled down, and tried once more to get a clearer view of the image of the saint, and gave myself up to the charming illusion of the figure and the place.

The song of the priests died out in the cave, harmonizing with the water trickling into the reservoir

close by the altar. The overhanging rocks of the court and of the nave of the church, shut in the scene; there was a great stillness in this, as it were a second time deserted desert, a great purity, in a wild cavern; the tinsel of the Catholic, and especially the Sicilian worship, was here nearly in its original simplicity. The illusion that the form of the beautiful sleeper produced, was enchanting even to a practised eye — enough! I was hardly able to tear myself from the place, and it was late in the night when I got back to Palermo.

I have often since been amused in thinking of it, and was willing to ascribe the pleasure I experienced, rather to my pleasant frame of mind, and several glasses of good Sicilian wine, than to the objects themselves. But for my justification, I found, in the "Voyage Pittoresque de la Sicile," the following passage: "La statue est de bronze doré, avec les mains et la tête en marbre blanc, mais si parfaitement sculptée, et dans une position si naturelle, que l'on serait tenté de la croire vivante." So that, according to this testimony, I need not be ashamed of the lively impression produced upon me by this image.

By the side of the church, and of the little cloister built beside and connected with it, there are also some other caves, of about the same size, which the goat-herds make use of, as a natural stable for the shelter of their goats.

SIMPLE IMITATION OF NATURE, MANNER, STYLE.

It does not seem to be superfluous, to define clearly the meaning we attach to these words, which we shall often have occasion to make use of. For, however long we may have been in the habit of using them, and however they may seem to have been defined in theoretical works, still every one continues to use them in a way of his own, and means more or less by them, according to the degree of clearness or uncertainty with which he has seized the ideas they express.

SIMPLE IMITATION OF NATURE.

If an artist, in whom we must of course suppose a natural talent, in the first stage of progress, after having in some measure practised eye and hand, turns to natural objects, uses all care and fidelity in the most perfect imitation of their forms and colors, never knowingly departs from nature, begins and ends in her presence every picture that he undertakes; — such an artist must possess high merit, for

he cannot fail of attaining the greatest accuracy, and his work must be full of certainty, variety, and strength.

If these conditions are clearly considered, it will be easily seen, that a capable but limited nature can in this way treat agreeable but limited subjects.

Such subjects must always be easy to find. They should be seen at leisure, and quietly imitated; the disposition that occupies itself in such works must be a quiet one, self-contained, and satisfied with moderate gratification.

This sort of imitation will also be practised by men of quiet, true, limited nature, in the representation of dead or still-life subjects. It does not by its nature exclude a high degree of perfection.

MANNER.

But man finds, usually, such a mode of proceeding too timid and inadequate. He perceives a harmony among many objects, which can only be brought into a picture by sacrificing the individual. He gets tired of using Nature's letters each time to spell after her. He invents a way, devises a language, for himself, so as to express in his own fashion the idea his soul has attained, and give to the object he has so many times repeated, a distinctive form, without each time he repeats it having recourse to nature itself, or even recalling exactly the individual form.

Thus a language is created, in which the mind of the speaker expresses and utters itself immediately; and as in each individual who thinks, the conceptions of customary objects are formed and arranged differently, so will every artist of this class see, understand, and imitate the outward world in a different manner, will seize its appearances with more or less observant eye, and reproduce them more accurately or loosely.

We see that this species of imitation is applied with the best effect, in cases where a great whole comprehends many subordinate objects. These last must be sacrificed in order to attain the general expression of the whole, as is the case in landscapes, for instance, where the object would be missed, if we attended too closely to the details, instead of keeping in view the idea of the whole.

STYLE.

When at last art, by means of imitation of Nature, of efforts to create a common language, and of clear and profound study of objects themselves, has acquired a clearer and clearer knowledge of the peculiarities of objects and their mode of being, oversees the classes of forms, and knows how to connect and imitate those that are distinct and characteristic; — then will *Style* reach the highest point it is capable of; the point where it may be placed on a par, with the highest efforts of the human mind.

Simple Imitation springs from quiet existence and an agreeable subject; Manner seizes with facile capacity upon an appearance; Style rests upon the deepest foundations of knowledge, upon the essence of things, so far as we are able to recognise it in visible and comprehensible forms.

The elaboration of what we have advanced above, would fill whole volumes; and much is said upon the subject in books, but a true conception of it can only be arrived at, by the study of nature and works of art. We subjoin some additional considerations, and shall have occasion to refer to these remarks, whenever plastic art is in question.

It is easy to see that these three several ways of producing works of art, are closely related, and that one may easily run into the others.

The simple imitation of subjects of easy comprehension, (we will take fruits and flowers as an example), may be carried to a high point of perfection. It is natural that he who paints roses, should soon learn to distinguish and select the most beautiful, and seek for such only among the thousand that summer affords. Thus we have arrived at selection, although the artist may have formed no general idea of the beauty of roses. He has to do with comprehensible forms; everything depends upon varied arrangement and superficial color. The downy peach, the finely dusted plum, the smooth apple, the burnished cherry, the dazzling

rose, the manifold pink, the variegated tulip, all these he can have, at will, in his quiet studio, in the perfection of their bloom and ripeness; can put them in a favorable light; his eye would become accustomed to the harmonious play of glittering colors; each year would give him a fresh opportunity of renewing the same models, and he would be enabled, without laborious abstraction, by means of quiet imitative observation, to know and seize the peculiarities of the simple existence of these subjects. In this way were produced the masterpieces of a Huysum and Rachel Ruysch, artists who seem almost to have accomplished the impossible. It is evident that an artist of this sort, must become greater and more distinguished, if in addition to his talent, he is also acquainted with botany; if he knows, from the root up, the influences of the several parts, upon the expansion and growth of the plant, their office, and reciprocal action; if he understands and reflects upon the successive development of leaves, fruit, flowers, and the new germ. By this means he will not only exhibit his taste in the selection of superficial appearance, but will at once win admiration and give instruction through a correct representation of properties. In this wise it might be said, that he had formed a style; while, on the other hand, it is easy to see how such a master, if he proceeded with less thoroughness, if he endeavored to give only the striking and dazzling, would soon pass into mannerism.

Simple Imitation also labors in the ante-chamber that leads to Style. In proportion to the truth, care, and purity, with which it goes to work, the composure with which it examines and feels, the calmness with which it proceeds to imitate, the degree of reflection it uses, that is to say, with which it learns to compare the like and separate the unlike, and to arrange separate objects under one general idea, — will be its title to step upon the threshold of the sanctuary itself.

If now we consider Manner more carefully, we shall see that it may be, in the highest sense and purest signification of the word, the middle ground between simple imitation of nature and style.

The nearer it approaches, with its more facile treatment, to true imitation, and on the other side, the more earnestly it endeavors to seize and comprehensibly express the character of objects, the more it strives, by means of a pure, lively, and active individuality, to combine the two, the higher, greater, and more respectable it will become. But if such an artist ceases to hold fast by, and reflect upon nature, he will soon lose sight of the true principles of art, and his manner will become more and more empty and insignificant, in proportion as he leaves behind simple imitation and style.

We need not here repeat, that we use the word Manner in a high and respectable sense, so that artists, who, according to our definition, would fall under the denomination of Mannerists, have nothing

to accuse us of. It is only incumbent upon us to preserve the word Style in the highest honor, in order to have an expression for the highest point art has attained, or ever can attain. To be aware of this point is in itself a great good fortune, and to enter upon its consideration in company with sensible people, a noble pleasure, for which we hope to have many opportunities in the sequel.

How artistically these beautiful pictures are described!

THE PICTURES OF PHILOSTRATUS.

What has come down to us of the poetry and prose of the best days of Greece, impresses us with the conviction that, whatsoever that highly gifted nation put into words, in order to hand down traditionally, or by writing, proceeded from an immediate intuition of the inner and outer world. Their most ancient mythology personifies the most important events in heaven and upon earth; individualizes the universal fate of man, the fated actions and inevitable sufferings of a peculiar, self-renovating race. Poetry and imitative art find here their freest field, in which the one always offers new advantages to the other, while both seem to strive with an eternal emulation.

Imitative art lays hold of the ancient fables, and makes use of them for its immediate ends. It excites the eye in order to satisfy it; it calls forth the soul in order to strengthen it; and at last the poet is able to tell nothing to the ear, which the artist does not forthwith present to the eye; and thus by the alternate advance of imagination and reality, the highest summit is attained; they come in aid of

religion, and represent to the eyes of worshipping man, the god whose nod shakes the heavens.

With this view, those modern lovers of art who have faithfully pursued the method pointed out to us by Winckelmann, have always been interested to compare the ancient descriptions of lost works of art with such copies and imitations as have come down to us, and have undertaken the interesting task of restoring that which was entirely lost, which will be easier or more difficult, accordingly as the new spirit of the time differs from or agrees with the ancient.

Thus the friends of art in Weimar, to say nothing of Polygnotus's pictures, paid great attention in various ways to the descriptions of pictures in Philostratus; and a series of the same with plates would have been issued, if the state of the world and of art had in any degree favored the undertaking. But the former was too tempestuous, and the latter too unpromising, and that which was cheerfully great and serenely good, must needs stand in the background.

In order that all may not be lost, we shall impart our preparatory labors as commenced some years since for our own instruction. In the outset, we suppose the gallery of pictures to have existed, and that according to the idea of that time, it was thought commendable in the orators to expound them to cultivated youths and hopeful boys, and to impart at once a useful and agreeable lesson.

They had long been forbidden to exercise their art upon historical and political subjects; moral problems had been used and exhausted again and again; the jurisdiction of art alone remained, and to this they fled with their scholars, to exhibit and develop their dexterity upon these harmless subjects.

But here arises the great difficulty, to distinguish what that bright company really saw, and what was oratorical addition. Much has been discovered in late times to aid us in this particular; Herculanean, Pompeian, and other newly discovered pictures, and especially Mosaics, render it possible to carry back the intellect and imagination to that period of art.

This undertaking is both pleasing and meritorious, since modern artists have done little with this view. Examples may be found, among the works of the Byzantine and early Florentine school, of artists who labored with such a design, but which by degrees disappeared. Julio Romano alone, in later times, shows plainly in his works that he had read Philostratus, on which account we shall frequently have recourse to, and make use of, his pictures. Young and talented artists of later times, have done much towards replacing art in a condition of vigorous and cheerful existence, in which alone it can prosper.

But the pictures of Philostratus have been prevented from producing their due effect not alone by the difficulty of developing out of their rhetorical covering what was actually represented; as bad,

nay, worse, is the confused way in which these pictures are mixed up together. If through close attention you clear the former difficulty, you are still entirely at a loss from this confusion. For which reason, our first object was to separate the pictures, and arrange them with sufficient accuracy under separate heads. And by this means we bring by degrees under consideration :—

I. *Subjects of high heroic and tragical import*, refer mostly to the death and ruin of men and women of heroic character. Next come in, that the world may not be depopulated, II. *The allurements of Love and Courtship*, and their good or ill success. Then follows, III. *Birth and Education*. Next with mighty step advances, IV. *Hercules*, who has a chapter to himself. The ancients maintained, that Poetry began with him. "For the Poetic art was occupied formerly only with the oracles of the Gods, and arose first with Hercules, the son of Alcmena." He is also the most noble character, the object and the agent of the greatest variety of vicissitude. Immediately connected with this are, V. *Battles and Contests*, the most mighty. VI. *Hunters and Hunting*, follow close, eager and spirited. To give a more pleasing turn now appear, VII. *Poesy*, *Song*, *and Dance*, in order, with endless grace. The representation of natural objects follows; we find, VIII. many *Sea and Water pieces*, and few *Landscapes;* IX. There are also some pieces of Still Life.

In the following synopsis, the subjects are only

briefly given, for a general view; some of them will be found elaborated in the sequel. The Roman numbers, after each picture, refer to the 1st and 2d book of Philostratus; *Jun.* refers to those described by the younger Philostratus; the Arabic figures, to the order in which the pictures occur in the Greek text. The subjects elaborated by modern artists, or found among the Herculanean antiquities, are also indicated.

ANCIENT PICTURE GALLERY.

I. *High Heroic and Tragic.*

1. The hero *Antilochus;* slain before Troy: lamented by Achilles, with a large company of mourning friends and comrades. II. 7.
2. *Memnon;* slain by Achilles, lovingly buried by his mother Aurora. I. 7.
3. *Scamander;* the waters dried up, and the shore burnt by Vulcan, to save Achilles. I. 1.
4. *Menœceus;* the hero dying as a patriotic sacrifice. I. 4.
5. *Hippolytus and Phædra;* the step-mother suing and neglected. Herculan. Ant. T. III. Tab. 15.
5. *Hippolytus;* an innocent youth, destroyed through his father's rash curse. II. 4.
6. *Antigone;* a sister, perilling her life to inter her brother. II. 29.

7. *Evadne;* an heroic woman, following her slaughtered husband upon the funeral pile. II. 30.
8. *Panthia;* a wife dying beside her murdered husband. II. 9.
9. *Ajax the Locrian;* unconquered hero, defying the most terrible fate. II. 13.
10. *Philoctetes;* solitary, endlessly suffering hero. III. 17.
11. *Phaethon;* a venturesome youth: seeks his destruction by his own rashness. I. 11.

11 a). *Icarus;* stranded, lamented by his father: the considerate herdsmen gazing at him. Herculan. Ant. T. IV. Tab. 63.

11 b). *Phryxus and Helle;* the brother strives in vain to save his sister, in their magical flight over the sea. Herculan. Ant. T. III. Tab. 4.

12. *Hyacinthus;* a most beautiful youth, beloved by Apollo and Zephyr. III. 14.
13. *Hyacinthus;* slain through love and jealousy. I. 24.

13 a). *Cephalus and Procris;* a wife slain through jealousy and fate. Julio Romano.

14. *Amphiaraus;* a prophet, in state, at the seat of the Oracle. I. 26.
15. *Cassandra;* domestic murder. II. 19.
16. *Rhodogune;* victorious queen, in high state. II. 5.

16 a). *Victor and Goddess of Victory;* at a trophy. Herculan. Ant. T. III. Tab. 39.

17. *Themistocles;* a noble historic representation. II. 32.

II. *Allurements of Love, and its good or ill success.*

18. *Venus;* rising from the sea, resting or sailing upon a shell. Herculan. Ant. T. IV. Tab. 3. Constantly repeated.

18. *Prelude of Love Gods.* I. 6.

19. *Neptune and Amymone;* the god woos a daughter of Danaus, who has come to the river Inachus to draw water. I. 7.

19 a.) *Theseus and the saved children.* Herculan. Ant. T. I. Tab. 5.

19 b). *Ariadne;* deserted, solitary, following with bewildered eye the departing vessel. Herculan. Ant. T. II. Tab. 14.

19 c). *Ariadne;* deserted, looking consciously and sadly after the departing ship, under the protection of Genii. Herculan. Ant. T. II. Tab. 15.

20. *Ariadne;* sleeping beauty, admired by her lover and his followers. I. 15.

20 a). *The same;* identical subject, literally copied. Herculan. Ant. T. II. Tab. 16.

20 d). *Leda and the Swan;* endlessly repeated. Herculan. Ant. T. III. Tab. 3.

20 e). *Leda at the Eurotas;* the twins have issued from the egg-shell. Julio Romano.

21. *Pelops;* as a wooer. I. 30.

22. *The same subject,* more severely treated. Jun. 9.

23. *Pelops;* bears home his bride. I. 17.

24. *Prelude to the Argonautic expedition.* Jun. 8.

25. *Glaucus;* prophesying to the Argonauts. II. 15.

26. *Jason and Medea;* high and mighty pair. Jun. 7.
27. *Argo;* return of the Argonauts. Jun. 11.
28. *Perseus;* wins Andromeda. I. 29.
29. *Cyclops;* regrets Galatea. II. 18.
29 b). *Cyclops;* full of love and hope. Herculan. Ant. T. I. p. 10.
30. *Pasiphäe;* the artist serving the madness of love. I. 16.
31. *Meles and Critheis;* birth of Homer. II. 8.

III. *Birth and Education.*

32. *Birth of Minerva;* she springs from the head of Jupiter, meeting due reverence from gods and men. II. 27.
33. *Semele;* the birth of Bacchus: the mother perishes: the son enters through the fire into liveliest existence. I. 14.
33 a). *Bacchus;* his education by fauns and nymphs, in the presence of Mercury. Herculan. Ant. T. II. Tab. 12.
34. *Hermes'* birth; he makes his appearance as a cheat forthwith among gods and men. I. 26.
35. *Achilles;* a child: educated by Chiron. II. 2.
35 a). *Same.* Herculan. Ant. T. I. Tab. 8.
36. *Achilles;* at Scyros, the young hero among maidens, scarce to be distinguished from them. Jun. I.
37. *Centaur family group;* a work of highest artistic feeling.

IV. *Hercules.*

38. *The Demigod;* victorious as a child. Jun. 5.
38. *Same.* Herculan. Ant. T. 1. Tab. 7.
39. *Achelous;* contest for Dejanira. Jun. 4.
40. *Nessus;* rescue of Dejanira. Jun. 16.
41. *Antæus;* slain in wrestling II. 21.
42. *Hesione;* liberated by Hercules. Jun. 12.
42 a). *Same subject.* Herculan. Ant. T. IV. Tab. 61.
43. *Atlas;* the hero takes the heavens on his shoulders. II. 20.
43 a). *Hylas;* pushed under by the nymphs. Herculan. Ant. T. IV. Tab. 6.
43 b). *Hylas;* overpowered by nymphs. Julio Romano.
44. *Abderus;* his death avenged: high invention, and charmingly moving composition. II. 25.
44. *Hercules;* as a father: infinitely tender and beautiful. Herculan. Ant. T. I. Tab. 6.
45. *Hercules;* raging: ill requited magnanimity. II. 23.
45 a). *Hercules and Admetus;* banqueting guest in the house of mourning. W. K. F.
46. *Hercules and Thiodamas;* the hungry hero feasts at the expense of the perverse husbandman. II. 24.
47. *Hercules and the Pygmies;* admirably expressed contrast. II. 22.
47 a). *The same subject;* happily treated, by Julio Romano.

V. *Combats and Wrestling.*

48. *Palæstra;* an enormous picture: he who can form an idea of it must have devoted a life to art. II. 33.
49. *Arrichio;* the athleta expiring on his third victory. II. 6.
50. *Phorbas;* grim robber conquered by Phœbus. II. 19.

VI. *Hunts and Hunters.*

51. *Meleager and Atalanta;* heroic chase. Jun. 15.
51 b). *Same.* Julio Romano.
52. *Boar hunt;* again, of endless beauty. I. 28.
53. *Banquet;* after the chase: of great beauty. Jun. 3.
54. *Narcissus;* the hunter: lost in himself. I. 23.

VII. *Poesy, Song, and Dance.*

55. *Pan;* surprised by nymphs in his noon-day slumber, bound, mocked, and abused. II. 11.
56. *Midas;* the weak Lydian king: surrounded by beautiful maidens, rejoices at having caught a faun: other fauns likewise, enjoying it: one lies drunk, without any power over himself. I. 22.
57. *Olympus;* as a child, educated by Pan. Herculan. Ant. T. I. Tab. 9.
57. *Olympus;* a most beautiful youth, sitting alone, playing on the flute: the upper part of the figure mirrored in the water. I. 21.

57 a). *Olympus;* playing on the flute: a Silenus-like Pan listens with attention. Annibal Caracci.

58. *Olympus;* he has laid aside the flute, and is singing: he sits on the flowery sward, satyrs around paying him honor. I. 20.

59. *Marsyas*, conquered; the Scythian and Apollo: satyrs, &c. Jun. 2.

60. *Amphion;* playing upon a beautiful lyre: the stones hasten to form themselves into walls. I. 10.

61. *Æsop;* the Muse of Fable comes to him, and adorns him with crown and wreath: beasts standing around like men. I. 3.

62. *Orpheus;* beasts, forests, and rocks follow him. Jun. 6.

62 a). *Orpheus;* terrified (like all learners of magic) at the crowd of beasts he has drawn around him: an invaluable conception, well suited to the narrow space of a cut stone. Antique Gem.

63. *Pindar;* the new-born infant is lying on laurel and myrtle twigs under the protection of Rhea, the nymphs are present, Pan dances, a swarm of bees hovers round the boy. II. 12.

64. *Sophocles;* meditating: Melpomene presenting gifts: Æsculapius stands near: bees swarm around. Jun. 13.

65. *Venus;* her ivory statue surrounded with offerings: lightly dressed, passionately singing maidens. II. 1.

VIII. *Sea, Water, and Land Pieces.*

66. *Bacchus and the Tyrrhenians;* open sea: two vessels: in one, Bacchus and Bacchants in safety and ease: in the other, the pirates, showing violence, but changed into dolphins. I. 19.

67. *Andros;* the island favored by Bacchus: the god of the fountain, lying on a bed of vine leaves, pours out wine instead of water: his stream runs through the land: banquetters assemble here and there: at the outlet into the sea, Tritons collect to partake: Bacchus approaches the isle with a large company. I. 25.

68. *Palæmon;* the people are making a sacrifice in a sacred grove on the shore of the Corinthian Isthmus: the boy Palæmon is carried asleep by a dolphin to a cavern on the shore miraculously prepared for him. II. 16.

69. *Bosphorus;* land and sea animated in the most various and lively manner. I. 12.

70. *The Nile;* surrounded by children and all his attributes. I. 5.

70 a). *The Nile;* decreasing: Mosaic Palæstrina.

71. *The Islands;* water and land, with their characteristics, productions, and occurrences. II. 17.

72. *Thessaly;* Neptune compels Peneus to run more swiftly: the water falls: the earth grows green. I. 14.

73. *The Marshes;* the same idea as above: water and land represented in mutually friendly relations. I. 9.

74. *The Fishermen;* refer to 69: tunny fishing. I. 13.

74 a). *Dolphin fishing.* Julio Romano.

74 b). *Similar subject;* to give a livelier idea. Herculan. Ant. T. 2. Tab. 50.

75. *Dodona;* sacred grove, with all the holy instruments, officials, and objects. II. 34.

76. *Night banquet;* an inestimable picture, hard to arrange, must stand here as postscript. I. 2.

IX. *Still Life.*

77. *Xenien.* I. 31.

78. *Xenien.* II. 26.

78 a). An uncommonly satisfactory example. Herculan. Ant. T. I. Tab. 56, 599.

79. *Weaving;* an example of most delicate and true pencilling. II. 29.

FARTHER ELABORATION.

If we now glance over the gallery of Philostratus as an organized whole, we shall perceive that we may, through the discovery of genuine antique pictures, convince ourselves of the general truth of those rhetorical descriptions; and we shall see that it depends upon us to intercalate and add, so that the conception of a living art may be more and more facilitated. Great modern artists have al-

ready taken this path, and left us pictures of this sort as examples. Thus it will be useful and agreeable to descend more and more into particulars, and to clear the way, if the carrying out be not accomplished. But we have already dallied too long, and now for the work!

I.

ANTILOCHUS.

The ancients were well aware of the prime requisite of a great composition, namely, that several marked characters must be united by some central object of sufficient importance to excite them, through a subject of common interest, to express their individualities. In the present case, this object is found in a young man who has fallen in battle, universally lamented.

Antilochus was slain by the African Memnon, while in the act of forcing his way through the fight, to the assistance of his father, Nestor. Here he lies, in all the beauty of youth, the feeling of having saved his father still hovering over and brightening his features. His beard is stronger than the budding of youth, his hair yellow as the sun. The light feet lie stretched out, the body, formed for activity, like ivory to look at, over which the purple blood is flowing, from the wound in the breast.

Achilles in fierce grief casts himself upon him,

vowing vengeance against the murderer, who has robbed him of his consolation for Patroclus's death; his last, best friend and companion.

The leaders stand about sympathizing, each displaying his own character. Menelaus is known by his gentleness; Agamemnon, by his godlike bearing; Diomed, by his bold frankness; Ajax is gloomy and untoward, the Locrian appears as a capable man. Ulysses strikes us by his reflective and observing air; Nestor seems to be absent. The soldiers lean upon their spears, their feet crossed, forming a circle round the company, about to raise a dirge.

SCAMANDER.

With furious speed, Vulcan appears storming from on high upon the River God; the wide plain, whereon we observe Troy in the distance, is flooded with fire, which streams, like water, towards the bed of the river.

The fire, at the same time surrounding the God, falls immediately into the water. All the trees on the shore are scorched. The Flood, with singed hair, supplicates the God for mercy, around whom the fire does not show its common yellow, but glitters with sunny and golden rays.

MENŒCEUS.

A young man, in full development, is here represented, still holding himself upright; but alas! he

has forced the polished steel through his side, the blood flows, the soul is about to take its flight, he begins to totter, and awaits death with clear and kindly eye. Alas for the noble young man! His robust frame, hardened by the exercise of the arena, his brown and healthy coloring! You can almost touch the high arched breast; the shoulders are strong, the neck firm, but not stiff; his hair is of moderate length, the young man would not that his hair should look like a woman's. The ribs and the hips are of the most perfect symmetry. So much of the back as his motion and bending make visible, is in like manner beautiful and worthy of admiration.

But do you ask who he is? Behold in him the beloved son of Creon, the unhappy king of Thebes. Tiresias foretold that the only means to save the state, was for him to go and die at the mouth of the dragon's cave. He resolves upon it in secret, and sacrifices himself. Now you understand the meaning of the cavern, and the hidden dragon. In the distance you see Thebes, and the Seven, who assault it. The picture is painted with a high point of sight, and thus a sort of perspective is developed.

ANTIGONE.

The heroic sister! With one knee against the earth, she clasps her dead brother, who was to have been left to moulder unburied, because he came

with threatening intent against his native city. The night conceals her magnanimous undertaking, the moon gives light to execute her purpose. With silent grief she raises her brother, her form assures us of her ability to complete the interment of the gigantic hero. In the distance lie the corpses of the besiegers, prostrate, horse and man.

An ominous pomegranate-tree grows over the grave of Eteocles. Farther on you see two fires lighted, as an offering for the dead; they mutually shrink away from each other; the fruit, indicating by its bloody juice the murder, the fire by its strange appearance the unalterable hatred of the brothers, even in death.

EVADNE.

The funeral pile is ready, and decked with animals for sacrifice, to consume the gigantic form of Capaneus. But he shall not go unattended. Evadne his wife, a heroic woman, worthy of a hero, has adorned herself with crowns, to be the prime sacrifice. Her look is of the highest nobility; for at the moment she casts herself into the flame, she seems to call to her husband. She hovers with parted lips.

But who has lighted this fire? Love-gods with little torches are assembled around the dry pile; soon it kindles, smokes, and blazes, but they turn a mournful eye upon their task. Thus does grace soften an exalted subject.

AJAX THE LOCRIAN.

Discrimination of character, a distribution of attributes among the members of an exalted company, whether of gods or men, was a point of great importance among the Greeks. Though piety belongs to heroes, even more than others, and the chief personages at the siege of Thebes as well as Troy, are represented as devoted to the service of the Gods, yet here, as elsewhere, the circle was not complete without one godless member.

This is the part the lesser Ajax has to play, who minds neither God nor man; but vengeance overtakes him at last.

Here we behold the yeasty waves foam over the rocks they wash; above stands Ajax, dreadful to behold; he looks around like one coming out of a fit. To meet him comes Neptune, terrible, with flying hair, through which the rustling storm sings.

The deserted ship, on fire to the centre, drives on. The wind swells the flames, as if they had been sails. But no object fixes the eye of Ajax; neither ship nor crags. The sea he seems to scorn. He fears not at all the advancing Poseidon, but stands ready for the attack; the arms are full of power, the neck swells as if to attack Hector and the Trojans.

But Poseidon brandishes his trident, and in a moment the crag must fall, bearing the over-bold hero into the abyss.

A high tragical and pregnant moment. A man just rescued from death, pursued and destroyed by hostile Gods. All is so momentary, and passes by so quickly, that the subject must be considered as one of the highest that imitative art dare appropriate.

PHILOCTETES.

Philoctetes sits solitary at Lemnos, suffering from the smart of the incurable dæmonic wound. His countenance shows his misfortune. His gloomy brow is contracted over his hollow, weakened, downcast eyes; his neglected hair, his wild rough beard, indicate sufficiently his sad condition. His worn garment and the bandage on the ankle tell the rest.

He showed to the Greeks a secret of the gods, and this was his punishment.

RHODOGUNE.

The warlike queen! She and her Persians have overcome the faithless Armenians, and she appears as the picture companion to Semiramis. She stands upon the field of battle in warlike arms and kingly attire; the enemy is conquered, steeds are flying abroad, land and water are red with blood. The haste with which she began the fight and achieved the victory, is shown by her hair, on one side carefully arranged, on the other falling freely in ringlets. Her horse Nisæa stands by her; he is black, with white legs;

his high and rounded forehead, and snorting nostril, are also white. The queen has adorned her steed with precious stones, jewelry, and many an ornament besides, to make him bear her proudly and consciously.

And as the streams of blood give dignity to the battle field, so the queen's purple robe heightens the effect of everything, save only herself. A beautiful girdle confines her dress, so that it falls not over the knee, and you mark the splendid under-garment also, with its embroidered figures. The upper garment, falling from the shoulder to the elbow, is clasped together beneath the throat, the shoulder being thus covered, but the arm partially exposed, which is not after the fashion of the Amazons. The round of the shield would cover the breast, but the left hand passing through the strap holds a spear, and thus keeps back the shield, which by the art of the painter is so represented, that the edge is towards us, and we perceive both the outward or convex, and the inner or hollow side. Is not the former covered with gold, and do we not see wild animals engraved upon it? The inside of the shield where the arm goes is purple, whose splendor is surpassed by that of the arm itself.

We are penetrated by the beauty of the victorious queen, and would fain say more of her. Listen then! She brings an offering on account of her victory over the Armenians, and would, to her thanksgiving, add a prayer, viz.; that she may

always be able to overcome men, as she has just now done; for she seems to be ignorant of the happiness of love and its return. But she shall not frighten or deter us; we will rather mark her the more closely. That part of her hair which is carefully arranged, softens by its ornate and feminine air, the severity of her appearance, while the flying locks add to its wild masculine character. These last are more golden than gold itself, while the other part, as is usual with braided hair, has a little deeper color. The exquisite eyebrow that starts from over the nose, bounds with an incredible charm the semicircle of the eye. From these begins the true expression of the cheek, which enchants us by its serenity. For the cheek is the seat of serene clearness. The eyes are between gray and black. Their clearness comes from the achieved victory, their beauty from nature, their majesty belongs to the queen. The mouth is sweet, inspiring thoughts of love, the lips are like each other, gently and sweetly parted. She is uttering the prayer that accompanies the offering for the victory.

Now if you turn your eye away from her, you see prisoners scattered up and down, trophies and all the usual signs of a victory, and are satisfied that the artist omitted nothing, that could give completeness and perfection to his picture.

II.

PRELUDE OF LOVE-GODS.

In contemplating this clear and living picture, do not suffer your eye to wander, either to the beautiful thicket of fruit trees, or the lively motion of the winged boys; but first of all, turn to the statue of Venus, beneath the hollow rock, where the clearest fountain wells up perpetually. The nymphs have erected this statue out of gratitude to the goddess, who has called them to be such happy mothers, mothers of love-gods.

As offerings to the goddess, they added besides, as we read by this inscription, a silver mirror, the golden slippers, the gold clasps, every article belonging to the adornment of Venus. Little love-gods also bring firstling apples for their gift; they stand around, offering their prayer; may their trees hereafter and forever bear both fruit and flowers!

The garden that lies before you, is beautifully set off in parterres, divided by easy paths. They make a course for running on the grass, and you can discern quiet nooks for slumber. Golden apples reddening in the sun, hang from the high branches, and allure whole swarms of love-gods. They fly up towards the fruit on shimmering wings of deep blue, purple, and gold, and to give an added splendor to the scene, they have hung their golden quivers, and dart to the topmost branches.

Garments of a thousand various colors lie upon the grass; of crowns they have no need. They are crowned sufficiently with their curly hair. The baskets for gathering fruit are no less remarkable. They glitter with sardonyx, emeralds, and pearls, all masterpieces of Vulcan's work.

Let us now leave the crowd dancing, running, sleeping, or gathering apples; two pair of the most beautiful of the love-gods next attract our whole attention.

The artist seems in these figures, to have intended an emblem of friendship and mutual love. Two of these beautiful children are throwing apples to each other. This pair indicates the commencement of affection, one kisses the apple and throws it to the other, who catches it, and you may easily see is about to kiss and throw it back again. This pretty play signifies the first attraction of love

The other pair are engaged in shooting arrows at each other, not with hostile intent, on the contrary, one appears to expose his breast to the other, so that he may the more easily hit it. These are supposed to be touched with passion in their deepest heart. Both pair pursue their occupation apart, free and alone.

But there is one hostile pair surrounded by a crowd of spectators; the combatants wrestle hotly with each other. One has got his opponent down, and springs upon his back, to throttle and bind him; the other, meantime, takes heart, struggles to rise,

holds the hand of his adversary away from his throat, by seizing one finger and pressing it backwards so that the others must follow, and he cannot close them. The victor feels so sharp a pain from his imprisoned finger, that he tries to bite his little opponent's ear. The spectators, angry at this infringement of the rules, pelt the transgressor with apples.

But the liveliest action of all is caused by a hare, who sat beneath an apple tree, and made a meal of the fallen fruit. Some he must needs leave, half gnawed, behind; for the mischievous boys frighten him with their cries and the clapping of their hands, and scare him with waving robes. One robe gets caught round him, the owner runs after it, and when he thinks to seize the fugitive, the entangled animal jumps to the other side. One there catches him by the leg, but lets him go again, and sets all his playmates laughing. Whilst the chase goes forward, one tumbles on this side, another on that, a third falls forward on his outstretched hands; they are all lying on the spot where they fell in trying to catch the hare, in order to show the quickness with which it all passes. Why do they not shoot it with their arrows? No! they wish to take it alive, to present it as an offering to Venus, to whom this ardent, fruitful race is especially dear.

NEPTUNE AND AMYMONE.

Danaus kept his fifty daughters closely to their household works, so that he might retain them in a narrow circle, for his service and their own support. According to ancient custom, the various departments were divided amongst them. It was the charge of Amymone, who may have been the youngest, to fetch water daily. She was to bring it from no convenient spring, close at hand, but must wander far away from home to the place where the stream Inachus fell into the sea.

Hither she has come to-day. The artist has given her a strong and able figure, such as becomes the daughter of a giant race. Her skin is brown from the penetrating beams of the sun, which she is obliged to encounter on her toilsome way. To-day she does not find the waters of the stream flowing gently into the ocean. Sea waves rush in, for the web-footed horses of Neptune are bringing in the God.

The maiden is frightened. The vessel falls from her hand; — she stands fearfully, as if about to fly. But fly not noble maiden, see! the God has not the wild look wherewith he rules the storms; his face is friendly, smiles play over it, like the setting sun over the peaceful ocean. Confide in him; fear not the prying eye of Phœbus, nor the shadeless, tell-tale shore. Soon will the waves rise up and form an emerald arch around thee and the God. Thou shalt not be without thy recompense!

We will not stop to speak of the excellence of the picture; but looking into the future, let us make a remark beyond the present scene. The severity of Danaus towards his daughters removes the improbability of their conduct, when they all at one time murder their husbands on their wedding night, and makes it appear a slavish, rather than horrible, action. Amymone, who has tasted the happiness of love, saves her husband, and on this account, as well as the favor of the god, is saved from the eternal punishment awarded to her sisters. Their task is the maidenly occupation of drawing water, but cheated of all possibility of performance. Instead of the golden vase of their sister, they have only broken earthen vessels in their powerless hands.

THESEUS.

It is a fortunate circumstance, since not even the rhetorical description of this picture has come down to us, that we may still see it with our eyes, among the treasures of Portici, and the engraving from it is well known. The young hero stands before us, brown in color, powerful yet slender, strong and active. He looks gigantic beside the now rescued companions in misfortune, who are figured as children, the wisdom of the artist having thus rendered them subordinate to the main figure. Not one of them could wield the club, and face the monster who lies at the feet of the victor.

The expression of gratitude even from this decrepit old man, does not seem unbecoming, when he seizes the hand of his preserver to kiss it, clasps the knees of the hero, and smiles confidingly upon him. In the space above appears the half revealed form of some God, to indicate that nothing heroic can be accomplished, without the aid of higher powers.

Here we cannot refrain from a remark, which is of wide application. The true force and effect of poetry, as well as imitative art, consists in this, that they make a principal figure, and represent what surrounds it, even the most worthy, as subordinate to it. By this means the eye is attracted to a centre, whence the rays extend over the whole, and thus are insured happiness and wisdom, truth in invention, and the composition of a true harmonious poem.

History, on the other hand, requires a different treatment. There we expect accuracy; history may sooner be allowed to dim, than to brighten the splendor of the conqueror. For this reason, it distributes light and shadow over all; brings to light the most unimportant coöperator, and metes to him his due share of the renown.

But when, through a mistaken notion of truth, we demand a like accuracy of poetry, we destroy its existence; of which Philostratus himself, to whom we owe so much, affords a notable instance in his Book of Heroes, where he makes the dæmonic

Protesilaus take Homer to task for his silence concerning the merits of Palamedes, and for having represented himself as the accomplice of the infamous Ulysses, who so treacherously thwarted the above-named noble heroes of war and peace.

Here we see the transition from poetry to prose, which is effected by unbridling the imagination, which is allowed to wander at will; now the servant of the actual, and now of the intellect, as convenience prompts. Even the works of our Philostratus are an example of our position. It is no longer poetry, but yet it cannot do without invention.

ARIADNE.

A beautiful, perhaps unique case, in which the consequences of an event are represented, without injuring the unity of the work. Theseus departs, Ariadne continues quietly sleeping, and Bacchus comes in to repair that loss, of which she is not yet aware. What characteristic variety, developed from a single fable!

Theseus, with his swift-rowing Athenians, has attained the high sea on his homeward path. Their efforts, their course, their look, are all away from us; we see only their backs. It were vain to try to stop them.

In sweetest contrast, Ariadne lies upon the mossy rock. She sleeps, nay, is sleep itself. The eye is drawn to the full breast and naked bust; and how

exquisitely is this united by the neck and throat, to the backward sinking head. The right shoulder, arm, and side, are also exposed to the spectator, while the left hand rests upon the robe, to keep the wind from blowing it. How sweet the breath must come from that youthful mouth! Soon will the approaching God try if its flavor be of grapes or of apples.

And he is not unworthy to do so; for the artist has represented him as adorned with love alone: his dress is a purple robe, and he wears a garland of roses. His whole air is of one drunk with love, calm in its fulness, sunk in admiration of beauty. The cunning, sagacious artist has put aside every attribute, that would make Dionysus too recognizable. He has discarded, as out of place, the flowery garment, the soft doe skin, the thyrsus. Here is only the refined lover. His company also is treated in the same way. The Bacchants do not clash their cymbals, the Fauns refrain from their flutes, Pan himself moderates his leaps, so as not to wake the sleeper before the time. When she opens her eyes, she will rejoice in the reparation of her loss, will feel the charm of the God's presence, before she becomes aware of the departure of her faithless lover. How happy wilt thou be, O maiden, object of such care, when thy friend leads thee over this bare seeming rock, to cultivated, planted wine hills, where thou, amid the vine-covered alleys, surrounded with readiest service, shalt for the first time

feel that love, which shall never end; for thou shalt enjoy it in the all-present heaven, looking down from the stars upon us in eternal friendliness.

PROLOGUE TO THE EXPEDITION OF THE ARGONAUTS.

Cupid and Ganymede are playing in the court of Jupiter; the one distinguishable by his Phrygian cap, the other by his bow and wings. But their character is yet more strongly marked. You see it indicated by the game of dice they are playing on the floor. Cupid springs up, with haughty derision of his antagonist. Ganymede has just lost one of the two remaining throws, — is making his last cast with care and anxiety. His features are admirably suited to his situation, the cheek sad and hollow, the eye lovely, but sunk in gloom. The well informed reader will be at no loss to divine the artist's meaning.

Near by, three Goddesses are standing, whom no one can help recognizing. Minerva, in her native armor, looks out with her blue eyes, beneath her helm, her masculine cheek tinged with maidenly modesty. The second also cannot be mistaken. She owes to her indestructible girdle that eternally charming smile, that enchants us even in pictures. Juno is distinguished by her severe and majestic beauty.

Would you know the cause of this wondrous

assemblage? Look down from Olympus, where these things are passing, upon the shore that lies below. There you see a River God, wild of countenance, lying among high reeds, with thick, bristling hair, and downward flowing beard. The stream does not flow from a vase, but breaks forth round about, signifying the many mouths by which it falls into the sea.

The fifty Argonauts have landed here at the Phasis, after sailing through the Bosphorus, and passing the rocking cliffs. They are taking counsel together. Much has been accomplished; more remains to be done.

Now both the ship and the enterprise are favorably regarded by all the assembled Gods, and these three Goddesses have come, in the name of the rest, to beseech Cupid, the ally at once and the foe of great deeds, that he will not be hostile on the present occasion, but will cause Medea, the daughter of Æetes, to look with a favorable eye on Jason. To persuade Cupid, and entice him from his childish sports, Venus covers her son with caresses, and offers him a costly playing ball, which she tells him Jupiter himself had played with in his childhood. And in sooth the ball were worthy of any of the Gods, and the artist has taken the greatest pains in its representation. It seems to be made of stripes, placed side by side, but the seams are invisible, you are left to imagine them. Gold stripes alternate with blue, so that when it is thrown into the air, it

twinkles like a star. The end of the Goddesses is achieved; Cupid throws away the dice, and clings to his mother's robe; the gift captivates him at once, and he promises immediate satisfaction of their demand.

GLAUCUS THE SEA GOD.

The Argo is cutting its way through the middle of the Pontus; behind lie the Bosphorus and the Symplegades.

Orpheus calms the listening waves with his singing. The vessel bears a noble freight; for there are the Dioscuri, Hercules, the Æacides, Boreades, and the other semi-gods, who flourished in those days. The keel of the galley is sound and secure, well suited to its freight, for it was cut from a Dodonian prophetic oak, and its gift of oracle and prophecy has not wholly departed from it. You may distinguish one on board who seems to be the leader. He is not the most distinguished, nor the strongest, but young, eager, keen, fair-haired, he conciliates our good will. It is Jason; he has embarked to bring back the golden fleece of the monstrous wether, which Phryxus and Helle brought through the air from beyond the sea. Hard is the task imposed upon the young hero. He is unjustly driven from his father's throne, and may not return to the kingdom of his ancestors, save under the condition, that he shall bear away this

treasure from the ever-watchful dragon. This is the cause that has stirred up all the heroes in his aid and service. Typhis holds the rudder. Lynceus, the inventor of his art, sends from the bow a sharper glance than the sun's, into the farthest distance, discovers the most retreating shores, and sees every dangerous rock beneath the water. But lo! even the sharp eyes of this all-observant man, seem to betray astonishment. He sees a fearful appearance break forth, unannounced, unexpected from the waves. The heroes, in simultaneous amazement, cease from their labor. Hercules alone continues to ply his oar; what seems a miracle to the rest, is nothing new to him. Used to labor without ceasing, he continues to row as before, unconcerned at what passes around him.

All eyes are now bent on Glaucus, who rises from the sea. Glaucus was once a fisherman, but overcuriously tasting seaweed and kelp, the waves closed over him, and bore him, changed into a fish, down among the fishes. He still remained half-man, and the gift of prophecy was bestowed upon him, and now he rises to unfold their future fate to the Argonauts. We see his figure; the sea water drops and trickles down over his breast and shoulders, to show the speed with which he rose.

His thick eyebrows grow together into one. The mighty arm with which he uses to seize and put by the waves, is grown powerful with exercise. Moss and sea grass are twined with the hairs upon his

shaggy breast. On the lower part of the body, you see the beginning of the fishy scales. You guess at the remainder of his figure from the tail which lashes the sea behind, twines about his hips, and whose curved and crescent-shaped end reflects the colors of the sea. Halcyons swarm around him, who also sing men's fate, for they too were transformed, and made to build their nests and ride upon the waves. The sea seems to take part in their song, and Orpheus to listen to its tones.

JASON AND MEDEA.

The pair of lovers that here stand opposite to each other, give us so singular a feeling, that we ask with anxiety: Are then these two happily united? Who is she, whose brow so doubtfully raised above the eye, indicates the deep thought that is brewing? Her hair is drest like that of a priestess, an expression, I know not whether to call it enamored, or inspired, in her look. Methinks I recognize in her one of the Heliades! It is Medea, the daughter of Æetes. She stands by Jason, who, through the aid of Eros, has touched her heart. But she seems strangely sunk in thought. What is the subject of her passionate reflection, I cannot tell; but we can see that she is distressed in mind, disturbed in her soul. She stands there shut up in her own thoughts, busied in the depths of her own breast; but not bent on solitude, for her garment is not that she

wears during her magical incantations, when she enjoys the fearful society of higher powers. She is now drest as beseems a princess who shows herself to the crowd.

Jason has an agreeable countenance, not without manly force. The eye looks sternly out from under the brow, telling of high thoughts and disdain of obstacles. His golden hair falls waving around his face, the fine down is seen upon his cheek. His full garment is gathered in a girdle, a lion's skin falls from his shoulders; he stands leaning on his spear. His expression is not forward, but rather modest, yet full of confidence in his own powers. Cupid standing between them, shows the part he took in this mischievous piece of work. He leans upon his bow, with his feet crossed over each other; his inverted torch rests upon the ground, an augury of the evil that this marriage portends.

THE RETURN OF THE ARGONAUTS.

This picture, my son, needs no commentary, or you can easily make your own. For cyclic pictures possess this advantage, that one leads the way to the next, so that you find yourself in a familiar scene, surrounded by the same persons, only under different circumstances.

Again you recognize Phasis, the River God. His stream falls, as before, into the sea; but now it bears the ship Argo downwards to the river's mouth.

Here, too, you recognize all the persons of its crew. Here is Orpheus, inciting his companions with his harp and voice to bend strongly to the oars. But they need no urging; every arm is strained to outrun the hurrying stream, well knowing the dangers they leave behind.

In the stern of the vessel stands Jason with his glittering spoil. He still grasps his spear for the protection of his beloved. But she does not stand as she did before, noble and high, full of courage and spirit; her eyes are cast down, and filled with tears. Her mind seems occupied with anxiety for the deed that has been done, and forebodings of the future. Reflection is painted on her features, as if she were considering separately the opposing thoughts in her soul, and met them one by one.

On the shore you see the explanation of what might otherwise be a riddle to you, — a Dragon, twisted and wound in many a fold about a pine tree, his heavy head resting upon the earth. Medea has put him to sleep, and thus the golden fleece was stolen away. But lo! Æetes has discovered the treachery. You see the angry father upon his war chariot, drawn by four horses; a huge man, conspicuous above the rest, clad in gigantic armor. His countenance glows with rage. Fire streams from his eyes. He holds in his right hand a blazing torch, showing his intention of destroying ship and crew by fire. His spear is stuck in the hinder part of the chariot, that he may have this means of destruction also at hand.

The wildness of the pursuer's air is increased by the tremendous bounding of his steeds. Their nostrils wide open, their necks tossing in the air, their look, always full of spirit, now heightened by excitement, they pant hard ; — for Absyrtus, who drives his father, has lashed them till the blood runs. The dust they raise darkens the air around them.

PERSEUS AND ANDROMEDA.

Are not these waves that wash the shore red with blood ? Is this an Indian or Æthiopian coast ? and what has this Grecian youth to do, here in foreign and far distant lands ? We see indications that a strange encounter has taken place. A monstrous sea-dragon used to rise out of the Æthiopian sea, and coming on the land, slay man and beast. Sacrifices were made, nay, even Andromeda, the king's daughter, must be sacrificed, whom you see now bound naked to the rock for this purpose. But she has no longer anything to fear ; the monster lies weltering along the shore, and it is the blood streaming from him that reddens the sea.

Perseus came in obedience to the summons of the Gods, and by their favor magically armed, but still he did not confide in himself alone, but called in Love, to hover around and aid him in the airy fight, when he must now sweep down upon the monster, and again cautiously retreat. The meed of victory lies between the two, the God and the Hero.

The God descends in the form of a noble youth, to undo the bonds of Andromeda; not as heretofore, full of godlike repose and serenity, but as if excited and panting from his late victorious exertions.

Andromeda is beautiful. Her skin is fair, though she be Æthiopian; but her form excites still greater wonder. The Lydian maidens are not softer and more tender, those of Athens have no prouder bearing, nor the Spartan more powerful frames.

But her beauty receives its highest charm from the circumstances she is in; she cannot believe she is so happily delivered, yet she turns to smile on Perseus.

The hero lies near by upon the fragrant grass, that receives the drops of sweat that trickle from him. He hides the Gorgon's head, lest some one seeing it, be changed to stone. The native herdsmen serve him with milk and wine. It is a pleasant, foreign-looking sight, to see these Æthiopians, with their dark skins, laugh and show their teeth, and enjoy themselves heartily. They bear a close resemblance to each other in feature. Perseus takes no notice, but leaning on his left arm, raises himself, panting, and sees Andromeda only. His bright purple mantle flutters in the wind, spattered with the dark stains of blood received in the combat with the dragon.

To paint so exquisite a shoulder, the artist must have had for model that ivory one of Pelops: at least, so far as regards the form alone; for the flesh

color of Perseus's shoulder is heightened by the combat. The veins swell with double life, for after the heated fight, the hero feels a new emotion at the sight of Andromeda.

CYCLOPS AND GALATEA.

You see here, my son, the rocky shores of a steep and mountainous, but fortunate isle, and in its vales and on its shelving sides you see the vintage and the wheat harvest going on. But the inhabitants have neither planted nor sowed, for through the bounty of the gods, and the favor of the poets, everything springs up of its own accord. You mark, moreover, the sheep and goats comfortably feeding on the high and rough places; for they who dwell here love milk, both fresh and curdled, for food and drink.

Do you ask what people these are? They are the rude Cyclops, who build no houses, but dwell single and solitary in the caverns of the mountains. For this reason they carry on no common occupation, nor even assemble in council.

But enough of this; let us turn our eyes upon the wildest among them, whom we see sitting here. It is Polyphemus, the son of Neptune. Over his single eye, one brow extends from ear to ear, a broad nose stands above the gaping mouth, the eye-teeth jut beyond the corners of the lips, his thick hair stands out about like the leaves of the pine tree, breast,

belly, and legs, are all covered with hair. He hungers inwardly, like the lion, for human flesh; but now he abstains from it, he is in love; he would be too happy to appear civilized, and takes pains to seem friendly at least. But his look is always frightful, its menacing air will not be softened; as savage beasts may be made obedient, yet still look fiercely round.

His present demeanor gives the plainest proof, how strong his wish is to make himself acceptable. Beneath the shade of an evergreen oak, he lets the flute rest under his arm, but sings of Galatea, the beauty of the sea, who is sporting below upon the waves. Thither he looks with longing, and celebrates her fair skin, her gay and graceful carriage; sweeter is she to him than sweetest clusters of grapes. He seeks to win her regard by presents too. He brings two does, and two of the loveliest bears for her. A passion, a longing like this, swallows up all his usual cares; these scattered sheep are his; he heeds them not, counts them not, looks no longer inland; his eye is fastened on the sea.

Gently heaves the broad surface of the sea beneath the chariot of the beauteous Galatea. Four Dolphins, yoked together, seem to be dashing forward under one impulse. Maiden Tritons ply bit and rein to moderate their too vivacious leaps. She stands upon her chariot of shell; her purple garment, played with by the wind, swells like a sail above her

head, and casts its shadow on her; it casts a red reflection on her brow, but cannot match the color of her cheek. The Zephyr does not try to sport with her wet hair. The delicate fingers, lightly resting upon the rounded hip, support the right arm; the elbow dazzles us by its rose-tinted whiteness; the muscles of the arm rise like little waves; the breast projects; who can deny the perfection of the limbs? The leg and foot, turned a little, are suspended over the sea, which the sole just touches, suggesting the action of steering. But still the eyes attract our gaze upwards again and again. They are indeed wonderful; they indicate the sharpest, most unlimited sight, that reaches beyond the ends of the ocean.

It has been a part of our object, to unite in this place, what has been made of this same subject by Raphael, the Caracci, and others. A comparison of this sort, will develop both the ancient and modern idea, each in its whole value.

MELES AND CRITHEIS.

Critheis, a fountain nymph, loves the river god Meles. Both are of Ionian birth; and Homer was the fruit of their union.

Meles is represented as in early youth. The nymph drinks, though she be not thirsty, from his springs, whose path we trace down to the sea. She takes up the water, and seems to converse with the

purling waves, while tears of love drop into them. But the river loves her again, and delights in this tender offering.

The greatest charm of the picture is in the figure of Meles. Flower-loving, as becomes his youth, he reposes on Crocuses, Lotus, and Hyacinths. He is represented as a youth, gentle and delicately formed; you might say there is something poetic in his eyes.

His gentleness is seen, in that he does not, like a rude, unmannered water god, pour forth a turbulent stream, but stretching forth his hand over the earth, he lets the gently springing water trickle through his fingers; such water must awaken dreams of love.

But it is no dream, O Critheis! thy silent love is not in vain. Soon will the waters rear themselves, and enclose thee with the God in their green-purple vault.

How fair the maiden is, how delicate her form, Ionian everywhere! Bashfulness adds a charm to her figure, and its rose-color suffices for her cheeks. The hair, drawn behind the ear, is adorned with a purple fillet. She looks so full of sweetness and simplicity, that even the tears increase her softness; her throat is fairest without ornament; if we look at the hand, we find long and slender fingers, white as the forearm, which outshines the whiteness of her robe; we can distinguish also the well-formed breast.

But what do the Muses here? They are no strangers to the springs of Meles; for they accompanied the fleet of the Athenian colonists hither under the form of bees. Leading their nimble dance upon this spot, they seem to us friendly Parcæ, who celebrated the coming birth of Homer.

III.

THE BIRTH OF MINERVA.

You here behold all the gods and goddesses assembled on Olympus; the nymphs of the rivers too have come. All look in amazement at the armed Pallas, who has just sprung from the head of Jupiter. Vulcan, who has ministered his aid, seems by his attitude to wish to gain the favor of the goddess, the hammer in his hand glancing with rainbow colors. Jupiter sighs with pleasure, like one who has undertaken a great labor, for the sake of a great advantage; proud of such a daughter, he regards her with attention. Juno too, free from jealousy, looks at her with kindness, as if she were her own child.

Below, in the distance, the Athenians and Rhodians are represented on two high citadels, one on the main land, the other on an island, bringing offerings to the new-born goddess. The rite of the Rhodians is imperfect, there being no fire; but the Athenians bring fire in order due; the smoke shim-

mers as it rises, as if bearing upwards a sweet savor. On this account the goddess turns towards them, as deeming them the wisest. But Jupiter considers the Rhodians, that they were the first to recognize his daughter; and it is said he poured down a great cloud of gold over their houses and streets. This is why Plutus, descending from the clouds, hovers above these roofs, to indicate the precious material that he scatters.

THE BIRTH OF BACCHUS.

A broad cloud of fire hangs over the city of Thebes; mighty thunders and lightnings surround the palace of Cadmus. Zeus has completed his fatal visit to Semele. She is destroyed, and Dionysus is born out of the midst of the flames. A dark shadow, bearing her likeness, ascends towards heaven. The infant god springs forth from the fire; glittering like a star, he pales its glow; that beside him seems dull and dark. The flame divides in strange fashion, and assumes the shape of a pleasant grotto. Round about it grows the ivy, with its clusters of berries; the vine springs willing from the earth, and twines around the thyrsus rod. Wonder not that it springs up among the flames; for it is the will of the god, that miracle should accompany each circumstance.

Mark too where Pan, on the mountain-summit of Cithæron, pays devotion to Dionysus, dancing and

leaping, the word Evoe on his lips. But Cithæron, under a human shape, bodes impending misfortune. An ivy crown lies loosely on his head, as if about to fall. He will not wear the crown in honor of Dionysus; for wild Megæra plants a pine tree close beside him, and a spring leaps out there where the blood of Pentheus shall flow.

THE BIRTH OF HERMES.

On the summit of Olympus the rogue Hermes is born. The Seasons receive him; you see them painted each in her proper beauty. They envelop him in swathes and swaddling clothes, strewed with the rarest flowers. The mother lies near upon a couch.

But lo! he has secretly slipped out of his wrappings, and trips gaily down Olympus. The mountain smiles on him for joy. The boy has already driven the white, golden-horned cows, that he found feeding at the foot, the cows of Phœbus, into a cave.

Phœbus posts away to Maia, to complain of the theft. She looks at him in amazement, and seems not to believe him. While this passes, Hermes slips in behind Phœbus. He jumps up softly, and loosens Apollo's bow. But when Phœbus discovers the cunning little thief, his visage brightens. The expression of this transition from dissatisfaction to pleasure, does great honor to the sagacity and ability of the artist.

IV.

HERCULES.

That we may be able to get, in some sort, a general view of this wide subject, let us briefly premise, that we take Hercules, the son of Alcmena, as sufficient for the artist's purposes; and that he need take no cognizance of the remaining mass of fable that has gathered about this name.

Gods and godlike beings are perfect from their birth. Pallas springs forth, all armed, from Jupiter's head; Mercury plays the roguish thief, before his mother perceives his absence. We must keep this remark in mind, in order to prize rightly the following picture.

Hercules in swaddling clothes; yet neither in cradle nor swaddling clothes, but freed from his swathes, as we saw Mercury just now. Hardly is Alcmena delivered, through the craft of Calanthis, and the infant swathed after approved nurse-fashion, when the deceived and implacable Juno lets loose, at the approach of midnight, two serpents upon the child. The mother springs in terror from the bed; the assistant women, after so many days' care and anxiety, horrified by this new cause of alarm, rush hither and thither in their helplessness; a wild uproar arises in the highly favored house.

For anything they can do, the child must be destroyed, unless he can at once defend himself.

Without delay he frees himself from the paralyzing wrappings, seizes the serpents with dexterous gripe, grasping them by the throat just under the head, in order to strangle them. The struggling serpents draw him after them, and the battle is decided on the ground. The child is on his knees, for the wise artist will exhibit only the strength of the hands and arms. These are indeed of godlike force, but the knees of the new-born child have to be strengthened by time and nourishment; and here we see them bend, as any infant's would, who should endeavor to stand upright. Hercules on the ground! The vital and muscular powers of the monsters are giving way beneath the grasp of the childish hand; their folds twine languidly on the pavement; their heads droop, showing a part of the sharp and poisonous teeth; their crests fall; their eyes are shut; their scales lose their lustre. The gold and purple that glittered amid their spiral movements is gone, and their yellow skin is marked with blood, to indicate their perfect powerlessness.

Alcmena, in her night dress, just as she sprang from her bed, stretches out her hands and screams. Then she becomes aware of the miracle and ceases from her screaming, but seems unwilling to believe her eyes. The ever busy women would excuse themselves at each other's expense. The father too is aroused; ignorant what hostile violence threatens his house, he calls together his trusty Thebans, and hastes to the protection of his household. His

naked sword is raised to strike, but irresolution appears in his eyes; whether he be astonished or rejoiced, I cannot say. Fortunately, he sees but too clearly that he has come too late to be needed as a preserver.

So strange an occurrence demands an interpreter of its high significance, and lo! Tiresias stands in the midst, foretelling the exceeding greatness of the hero. He is full of inspiration, breathing deeply and violently, after the manner of soothsayers. With true poetic feeling the artist has brought in Night, hovering overhead under a human form, as witness of the great event. She bears a torch in her hand, to give light, so that even the least of these great beginnings may not pass unnoticed.

While we stand lost in wonder, at the consideration how the marriage of fact and poesy unites the outward action with the deepest meaning, we encounter the same subject among the Herculanean antiquities, not indeed treated in so lofty a style, but still of high value. It is simply a family scene skilfully imagined and symbolized. Here too we find Hercules on the ground, but he has not grasped the serpents in so dexterous a manner; he has taken hold too far back, so that they might bite and wound him at will. The animated action of the mother occupies the centre of the picture. She is a noble figure, which the ancients loved to repeat at every suitable opportunity. Amphitryon sits upon a throne (the child and the serpents being

borne in the struggle near to his feet), in the act of rising to draw his sword. He is represented in a wavering posture and action. Opposite to him is the Pedagogue. This ancient inmate of the house has taken the second child in his arms to shield him from harm.

This picture is accessible to all, and extremely valuable, although the weakness of the drawing and treatment points to a higher and more perfect original.

A third artist, as Pliny informs us, has risen to the highest point in the treatment of this subject; assembling all Olympus about Jupiter, to confirm through all time upon the earth, the birth and deed of his mighty son. The ancients, in their artistic works, as we have often occasion to remark, lean to the spiritual idea, that nothing dæmonically great is to be expected, without reference both to the Higher and the Lower.

At the birth of Minerva we saw the same thing. And even now-a-days, at the birth of a child of high rank, we see all the great and high about the prince invited to be present, to verify, corroborate, and do honor.

As an example of the happiness with which the ancients knew how to select the point of interest, and separating it from the surrounding circumstances, represent it by itself, I would mention a very small ancient coin, of exquisite beauty, the surface of which, to the outer edge, is completely taken up

by the figure of the doughty child in conflict with the serpents. Would that some talented young artist would devote some years of his labors to this subject. We now advance in the life of the hero, and may remark, that too much stress has been laid upon his twelve labors, from the natural desire we feel, to see a dozen similar objects collected into one circle, whenever a certain number or succession is spoken of. We find among the other deeds of the hero, actions of equal consequence, and more pleasing, undertaken of his own free will, or by chance impulse. Fortunately, our gallery offers the fairest examples of this sort.

HERCULES AND ACHELOUS.

Concentrate your attention now, my son, upon this picture, first taking notice, that you are now upon the soil of Ætolia. This heroine, that you see crowned with the leaves of the beech tree, whose countenance expresses severity and reproof, is the tutelary deity of the city of Calydon; she is here on account of all the people having left their city walls, and formed a circle to witness a most extraordinary occurrence.

You see king Œneus in person, sorrowful, as becomes a king who sees no means of saving himself and those who are dear to him. We have a more distinct idea of the cause of his sadness, from the figure of his daughter, who stands beside him,

dressed like a bride; but she too is full of dejection, and averts her eyes.

The object which her eye seeks to avoid, is an unwelcome, fearful suitor, their dangerous neighbor, the River God Achelous. He stands in sturdiest human form, his shoulders broad enough to support a bull's head. He does not come unattended; on either side you see the monstrous shapes, wherewith he terrifies the Calydonians. On one side, a dragon rears itself in frightful folds, red on the back, with swelling crest; on the other, a fiery horse with flowing main paws the earth with his foot, as if eager for the battle. If you cast your eye again upon the frightful River God between them, you are shocked at the wild beard, from which streams of water trickle down. This is the position of things, pregnant with expectation, when a powerful youth advances, with a club in his hand, and throws off the lion's skin.

Having thus considered the past by way of explanation, you now see Achelous, transformed into a mighty horned bull, rush upon Hercules. But Hercules, seizing with his left hand the horn of the dæmonic monster, dashes off the other horn with the club in his right hand. You see by the blood that flows, that the God is wounded in his inmost being. Hercules, rejoicing in the deed, sees only Dejanira. He has thrown aside the club, and offers the horn to her as a pledge. In future time the nymphs shall possess it, to fill with plenty, and bless the world therewith.

HERCULES AND NESSUS.

This roaring and swollen flood, bearing along rocks and trunks of trees, and forbidding to the traveller the once easy ford, are the waters of Evenus, the Calydonian river. A strange ferryman has taken up his post here, Nessus the Centaur namely, who alone of all his race escaped from the hands of Hercules at Pholoe. He now devotes himself to this peaceful occupation; he serves the traveller with his twofold powers, and now offers himself to Hercules and his companions.

Hercules, Dejanira, and Hyllus, have arrived at the stream in their chariot; and Hercules, to render the passage easy, has arranged for Nessus to carry over Dejanira; Hyllus is to bring the chariot across, whilst he himself will wade the river. Nessus is already on the other side; Hyllus too is safe over with the chariot; but Hercules is still buffeting mightily with the billows. Meantime, Nessus offers violence to Dejanira. Hercules, hearing her cry, seizes his bow, and sends an arrow after the audacious Centaur. He shoots; the arrow speeds to the mark; Dejanira extends her arm towards her husband. This is the moment the representation of which we admire in the picture. The youthful Hyllus enlivens the powerful scene. He has just reached the shore, and fastened the traces to the chariot, and now he stands there clapping his hand, and rejoicing in a deed beyond his own powers to

achieve. It does not seem that Nessus has yet confided the fatal secret to Dejanira.

REMARK.

We must constantly bear in mind, that in Hercules everything has a reference to personality. The Demi-god must earn his laurels only through immediate, unassisted action. With hands to grasp, fists to dash in pieces, arms to crush, shoulders to bear, feet to overtake, this was his calling, for this he was intended. Bow and arrow served him upon occasion to act at a distance; his weapon for close quarters was the club, and even this he used rather as a walking staff. For when the time of action came, it was his wont to throw it aside, together with the lion's skin, which he bore partly as a sign of victory, partly as a garment. And thus we always find him, self-dependent, coming off with honor from single combat or emulative contention.

We may safely conclude the figure in the present instance to have been modified to accord with the immediate action he was engaged in; and in this presumption we are aided by the admirable remains of antiquity, and instances we shall meet with in writers.

HERCULES AND ANTÆUS.

The Lybian robber relied upon the powers which, after every defeat, were restored to him by the slightest touch of his mother the Earth. He is in

the act of burying the slaughtered, and we should know him for a son of Earth by his rude and clod-like form. He is nearly as broad as long, the head growing out of the shoulders; his breast and throat look as hard as if the smith had forged them with his hammer. He stands firm upon his feet, which are not straight, but still strongly made.

Awaiting this burly boxer stands a supple hero, formed like one born and bred to the use of his fists. The proportion and strength of his limbs inspire confidence, his high bearing bespeaks him more than man. His color is reddish-brown. His swelling veins betray inward anger, but he collects himself, like one who has been tried by laborious wanderings, and must take care to lose no advantage. Antæus stays for no such delay; swarthy from exposure to the sun, he advances with insolence upon the hero, guarding only his ears, where the heaviest blows might be expected.

Meantime, the hero is not unaware that neither thrust nor blow will avail anything against the monster; for Gea, his mother, restores her darling to his full powers by the slightest touch. On this account, Hercules seizes Antæus about the middle, where the ribs begin, holds his hands behind him, and firmly pressing his elbows against the heaving paunch, squeezes the life out of him. You see how he looks down, whimpering, towards the Earth; whilst Hercules smiles in the fulness of his strength. You may divine, from the golden cloud that rests

upon the mountain, that the gods enveloped therein are witnesses of this deed. From out of it speeds Mercury, the inventor of boxing, to crown the victor.

HERCULES AND ATLAS.

We here find our hero neither fighting nor struggling, but filled with the noblest emulation, and desirous to give aid through Endurance. Upon his way to the Lybian Hesperides, to win the golden apples, he finds Atlas, the father of those heroines, almost pressed to earth beneath the immense weight of the firmament, which it is made his task to bear. We see the gigantic form pressed down upon one knee, the sweat running from him. We are struck with the way in which the body is represented, as all drawn in; it seems to form a cavern, but not dark, for the painter has displayed his art in lighting it up by means of shadow and reflection. The breast, on the contrary, thrusts out its mighty proportions into the light. It is powerful, yet seems to be strained to the utmost. You seem to see the deep-drawn breath; the arm supporting the heavenly round seems to tremble. The bodies that move within the round are not painted out as solid, but as if swimming in æther. You see the two bears, and the bull; and winds blowing, some in concert, others adversely, as might happen in the atmosphere.

But Hercules appears secretly eager to undertake this adventure also. He is not forward to offer his

services at once to the giant, but deplores the hardship of his position, and expresses a willingness to support a part of the burden. Atlas is charmed with the proposal, and begs him for a little while to undertake to support the whole weight. Now we see the satisfaction the hero has in the action; a cheerful readiness shines in his countenance; he throws down the club; the hands ask for something to do. This liveliness of motion is forcibly expressed through the lights and shadows of the body and all the limbs; and we expect the next moment to see the enormous burden transferred from the shoulders of the one to those of the other.

If we consider rightly, we shall always find Hercules present himself to our imagination, not as commanding, but as executing, which is the destiny that Fable metes him, in the most various circumstances. He passes his life as a servant and bondsman; never enjoying a home; sometimes in search of adventures; sometimes in banishment. He is unfortunate in wife and children, as well as in those beautiful favorites, to the consideration of whom we come next.

HERCULES AND HYLAS.

When the hero, as a youth, accompanied the Argonautic expedition, he had with him a beautiful boy, by name Hylas. Hylas goes on shore, on the

Mysian coast, to draw water, never to return! What happened to him, is here represented. Whilst he unsuspectingly stoops from a steep bank to draw the limpid water, as it springs forth abundantly in the dense thicket, a nymph, who is charmed with his beauty, finds it easy to push him in. She is still kneeling above in that attitude and action. Two others rise from the water and unite with her. Four hands, prettily grouped, are busied in pushing him under, but with gentle and caressing force, as becomes water nymphs. The boy's left hand still holds the pitcher under the water. He stretches out his right to swim, but it will soon be made prisoner by his graceful captors. He turns his face towards the first and most formidable of them, and the painter who could restore to us the face, in full perfection, as left by the ancient artist, would be worthy of high reward. The artist could present to us nothing more lovely than this pantomime of fear and longing, of desire and dread, upon the boy's features. Could he now express the gradations of the common expression in the three nymphs, distinguish and individualize the expression of love, in the first nymph, unconscious longing, and innocent, playful participation, in the others, he would produce a picture that might make pretensions to the applause of the whole world of art.

But the picture is not yet complete; a noble and indispensable part is yet to be added. Hercules, blooming with youth, forces his way through the

thicket, calling again and again the name of his friend. Hylas! Hylas! it sounds by rock and wood, and echo replies, Hylas! Hylas! The hero stands still at this deceitful reply; we see he is listening, by the left hand held against the ear. He who could express the longing that accompanies this delusive search, were indeed a child of good fortune that we should be happy to welcome.

HERCULES AND ABDEROS.

The hero has here vanquished the steeds of Diomed with his club. One of the mares lies dead, another sprawling; the third seems in the act of springing up; the fourth is sinking back. They are all rough-haired, and wild of aspect. Their cribs are filled with the bones and limbs of men, which Diomed used to give them for food. The barbarous horse-breeder lies slain beside the beasts, wilder of look than they.

But the hero is troubled with a heavier business than his achievement; for the upper half of a beautiful boy welters in the lion's skin. Fortunately, the lower part seems to be hidden; for Hercules bears away only a part of his beloved Abderos; the other part of the body was devoured by the monsters in the heat of the contest.

This is the cause that makes the Invincible look so sadly before him; the tears seem to run down, but he collects himself, and considers what will be a

worthy monument. No mound or pillar shall immortalize his darling; a city shall be built, and yearly games instituted, renowned for every species of exercise and combat, save only horse-racing, that the memory of that hated animal may be banished.

We immediately call to mind the admirable composition which is the subject of the above description, and are made aware of the value of subjects of such clearness and significance, and whose unity is so variously composed.

Our attention is drawn to the boldness with which the mangled limbs are exhibited, with which the artist so plentifully fills the horses' cribs, at the same time that he has shown so much tact in hiding the mutilation of Abdęros.

If we examine the necessary conditions of the picture, we shall see that these indications of the barbarous food of the horses could not be dispensed with; we must satisfy ourselves with the maxim, What is necessary must be suitable.

In the pictures we have undertaken to exhibit and elaborate, we nowhere find that the Characteristic is avoided; on the contrary, it is rather forced on the beholder. For instance, the heads and skulls which the robber has hung as trophies upon the trees; and, in like manner, the heads of Hippodamia's suitors, exposed on her father's palace. And what are we to make of the streams of blood, that, mingled with the dust, flow and stagnate in so many

pictures? We may even say, that the highest principle of the ancients is significance, and the highest result of happy treatment is beauty. And does not the same thing occur also among the moderns? For what should we do with our eyes, in church and gallery, if admirable masters did not, out of so many repugnant subjects, win from us delight and gratitude?

We have remarked above, that we could not bring before our mind the figure of Hercules as giving commands or orders to others, or originating actions, and rather considered him as serving, working, bringing about; but we are not ashamed to confess, that the genius of ancient art outruns our capacities, and has long ago accomplished what we considered impracticable. For we now call to mind, that thirty years since there was in Rome a cast of a head, representing a Hercules, of royal aspect, that has found its way to England. In the general form of the head, as well as the treatment of the separate features, was expressed the highest feeling of repose that understanding and clear sense can bestow upon a human countenance. Everything abrupt, rude, or violent, was removed; the beholder was inspired with calmness by the peaceful presence. You were ready to submit yourself unconditionally, as to your lord and master, to confide in him as a lawgiver, and to choose him as an umpire under all circumstances.

HERCULES AND TELEPHUS.

We now find the hero in the tenderest relation, that of father to son; another instance of the flexibility of Grecian imagination. We find the hero at the highest point of humanity. Unfortunately, the necessity of representing religious occurrences has deprived modern art of its fairest subjects, as the relation of father to son, fosterer to fostered, instructor to pupil, of which ancient art has bequeathed to us the most exquisite examples. The lover of art has only to open the volume of Herculanean antiquities, to convince himself of the excellence of the picture which we are now called to speak of.

Here stands Hercules, heroically appointed, none of his renowned attributes wanting. The club serves him to lean upon, covered with the lion's skin that hangs from it; he holds the quiver and arrows beneath his arm. He stands at rest, his left hand behind him, his feet crossed, his back towards us, turning round his head, adorned with crown and fillet, and looking at the same time at the little child, who is sucking at the doe.

The Child and Doe, bring us back to Myron's Cow. Here is an equally beautiful, nay, a more elegant, sentimental group than that; not so completely self-centered as the other, because it makes a part of a greater whole. The boy looks at his father as he sucks; he is half-grown, a not unconscious heroic child.

How admirably is the remainder of the picture filled up! An eagle stands solemn in the centre; a lion is lying on one side, to signify that this mountain top is, through Dæmonic and Heroic presence, become a peaceful paradise. But how shall we address this female form, that stands in such mighty repose opposite the hero? It is the Heroine of the mountain; her look is fixed, like that of a mask, and after the Dæmon wont, taking no part in what occurs. The crown of flowers upon her head, has reference to the blooming plains of the landscape; the basket of grapes and pomegranates, to the garden-like abundance of the hills; and the fawn by her side, shows the excellent pasture that the heights afford. He, too, has reference to the qualities of the place, without participation in the beauty and tenderness of the passing scene. On the other side, a winged goddess accompanies the hero, now become a father, crowned as he is. She has shown him the way through the wilderness, and now points out to him the strange nursing, and the happy growth of his son. We do not name her, but the ears of corn she bears, indicate her office of nourishing and fostering care. Perhaps it was she who provided the hind for the sucking child.

Every artist ought once in his life to attempt this picture; to try and see how far it is possible to restore what it loses in the relation, without doing injury to the leading idea of the self-contained composition. Then the question would arise, how the

characters could be supported and exalted. This picture, completely carried out in all its parts, would furnish the most unanswerable proof of the cultivation and skill of the artist.

HERCULES AND THIODAMAS.

In the hero, whose highest merit lies in his mighty limbs, it is natural to expect an appetite commensurate with his work; and thus we find this attribute celebrated and depicted. Once, being overcome with hunger, it was towards evening, in the roughest part of the Isle of Rhodes, inhabited by the Lindians, he finds a husbandman turning up a wretched piece of land with the ploughshare. Hercules tries to bargain for his oxen, but the man will not let them go. The hero takes one without ceremony, kills and cuts it up, makes a fire, and begins to prepare a savory meal.

Here he stands, his attention absorbed by the meat, which is broiling on the coals. He seems to wait with the greatest appetite for it to be done, and to quarrel with the fire for cooking it so slowly. The content that overspreads his visage, seems to be nowise disturbed, when the husbandman, enraged at the loss of his useful beasts, falls upon him with curses and stones. The demi-god stands before us in the grand form of Hercules; the countryman is an old, rough, rugged, robust man; his body is clothed, leaving only the knees and arms bare to show his strength.

The Lindians, in memory of this occurrence, from that time forth did honor to Hercules by curses and stone-throwing, and he, in his inexhaustible good nature, gave them in return a thousand blessings.

When art busies itself long with a subject, even the most dignified, it at last masters it completely, and extracts from it a light and comic side. Such was the origin of the present picture.

The subject is a very alluring one to work upon. A clear heroic nature, standing in contrast with rude, violent physical force. The one full of repose, but inspiring confidence by his form; the other striking, by his energetic action. If we now consider the surrounding objects — the second ox still at the plough, the patch of turned-up soil, the neighboring rocks happily illuminated by the fire — would not this in every sense constitute a worthy companion to Ulysses among the Cyclops?

HERCULES AND ADMETUS.

With this serene picture, we conclude our present labors. It was sketched some years since, by a true fellow-laborer in the field of art, as an experiment how far we can approach the antique treatment of such subjects. The picture is about twice as long as it is broad, and contains three separate groups, which are artistically connected. In the midst sits Hercules, of gigantic stature, leaning on a pillow,

and by this posture brought into proportion with the other standing figures. The table before him, and the wine vessel thrown on one side, speak of the high satisfaction he has enjoyed, and which would have been enough for any one else; but a new meal must be spread for the hero, in which service we see three serving men busied. One of them is ascending the steps, with an enormous roast upon a mighty dish; another seems hardly able to bear the heavy bread basket; they meet the third, bound for the cellar, swinging an emptied can by the handle, and clattering with the cover. He seems to be not altogether pleased with the thirst of the mighty guest. All three appear to speak with discontent of the hero's freedom, who is snapping his fingers, that favorite expression of careless content among the ancients. On his left stands Admetus, offering a bowl, with the quiet manner of a friendly host; thus hiding from his guest the sad scene, which is separated from the above described space by a curtain, but is exposed to the spectator.

From this dark corner, where a number of disconsolate women mourn their departed mistress, a boy steps forth, who takes his father by the cloak, to draw him in to participate in the unhappy event in his family. The inner and outer are connected by the form and action of this child, and the eye gladly returns to the guest and the servants on the broad platform in front, and the field beyond them, where you see a domestic, busy cutting in pieces a swine

that hangs up, to signify the inordinate appetite of the guest, and alluding playfully to the impossibility of appeasing it.

But it is impossible to express in words, either the well-matured composition, the grace of detail, or the happy effect of contrast in light, shade, and color; and we therefore hope to have an opportunity to present to the lovers of art an engraving from it, that may illustrate, and, if possible, justify by example our previous remarks.

If the reader will now bestow a glance upon the specification, wherein we enumerated the whole of the Philostratic pictures, he will share our regret at being obliged to break of in the midst of so agreeable an exhibition. Our preliminary labors lay many years useless; a fortunate moment enabled us to take them in hand once more.

May what we have brought forward, be not only read and figured to the imagination, but be translated into the active powers of younger men. Such examples are of more service, than all the maxims in the world, and which, after all, each one enterprets according to his own notions; for these examples carry the senses with them, upon which everything depends, and quicken, where there is room for quickening.

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

HAVING been obliged, in what goes before, to say so much in favor of antiquity, and particularly of the plastic artists of those times, it was my wish that I might not be misunderstood, which so often happens where the reader, instead of preserving a just balance, throws himself at once into the opposite scale. I therefore seize the present opportunity to explain what my meaning was, having reference, under the symbol of plastic art, to the never-ceasing life of human actions and affairs.

A young friend, Carl Ernst Schubart, in his pamphlet, "*A Critique on Goethe*," which in every sense calls for my esteem and thanks, says: "I do not agree in opinion with those worshippers of the ancients, among whom is Goethe himself, who maintain, that, in high and complete development of humanity, nothing has ever been arrived at to compare with the Greeks." Fortunately, Schubart's own words give us an opportunity to adjust this difference, where he says, "As to our Goethe, let me say, that I prefer Shakspeare to him, for this rea-

son ; — that in Shakspeare I seem to find a strong, unconscious man, who is able, with perfect certainty, and without reasoning, reflecting, subtilizing and classifying, to seize, with never-failing hand, the true and false in man, and express it with so much nature ; whilst in Goethe, though I recognise the same ultimate aim, I am always fighting with obstacles, and must be always taking heed, lest I accept for plain truth what is only an exhibition of as plain error."

Here our friend hits the nail on the head ; for in that very point where he places me below Shakspeare, do we stand below the ancients. And what is it we advance concerning the ancients ? Any talent, the development of which is not favored by time and circumstances, and must on that account work its way through a thousand obstacles, and get rid of a thousand errors, must always be at a disadvantage, when compared with a contemporary one, that has the opportunity to cultivate itself with facility, and act to the extent of its capacity without opposition.

It often happens, that persons advanced in life are able, out of the fulness of their experience, to advance something that will explain or strengthen an assertion ; which shall be my excuse for relating the following anecdote. A practised diplomatist, who had desired my acquaintance, after the first interview, when he had had but little opportunity of seeing or conversing with me, remarked to his friends : " Voila un homme qui a en de grands chagrins ! "

These words set me to thinking. The skilful physiognomist's eye did not deceive him, only he laid to the effect of suffering, the phenomenon that should have been ascribed to opposition. An observant, straight-forward German, might have said, "This is a man who has had a hard time of it, is soured." Since, then, the signs of past endurance, and of persevering activity, do not disappear from the face, it is no wonder if all that remains of us and our strivings should bear the same impress, and indicate, to the attentive observer, a mode of being whose aim has been to preserve its balance alike under circumstances of happiest development, or narrowest limitation, and maintain the persistency, if it could not always the highest dignity of human existence.

But letting pass old and new, past and present, let us in general lay it down, that every artistic production places us in the same state of mind the author was in. If that was clear and bright, we shall feel free; if that was narrow, timid, or anxious, we shall feel limited in the same proportion.

Upon reflection, we would add, that we speak now only of treatment. Material and import do not enter into the consideration. If, having reference to this principle, we look around in the world of art, we uphold that every work will afford us pleasure which the artist himself produced with ease and facility. What amateur does not rejoice in the possession of a successful drawing or etching of our Chodowiecky? We see in them such an immediate

apprehension of nature, as we know it, that they leave nothing to wish for. But he would not be able to go beyond his mark and line, without losing all the advantage he derives from his peculiar qualifications.

We will even go farther, and confess that we have derived great pleasure from Mannerists, when the manner has not been carried too far; and that we are pleased with the possession of their works. The artists who have received this name, have been gifted with uncommon talent, but became early aware, that, in the state of the times, as well as of the schools into which they were cast by fate, there was no room for minute labor, but that they must choose their part, and perfect themselves speedily. They therefore made themselves a language, into which they could, without farther trouble, translate, with ease and dexterity, all visible subjects, and exhibit to us representations of all sorts of scenes, with greater or less success. Thus whole nations have been entertained and hoodwinked for long periods of time, until, at last, one or another artist has found the way back to nature, and a higher feeling of art.

We may perceive, by the Herculanean antiquities, how the ancients also fell into this kind of manner; only their models were too great, too present, fresh, and well preserved, for their circle of artists to be able to lose themselves entirely in insignificance.

Let us now assume a higher and more agreeable

point of view, and consider the talent with which Raphael was so singularly gifted. Born with the happiest natural gifts, at a time when art combined the most conscientious labor, attention, industry and truth, the young man was already led by excellent masters to the threshold, and had only to raise his foot to enter the temple. Disciplined by Peter Perugino in the most careful elaboration, his genius was developed by Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo. Neither of these artists, in spite of their long life, and the cultivation of their powers, seems ever to have reached the true enjoyment of artistic production. The former, if we look closely, wearied himself with thought, and dissipated his powers in mechanical inquiries; and we have to blame the latter for spending his fairest years among stone quarries, getting out marble blocks and slabs, so that, instead of carrying out his intention of carving all the heroes of the Old and New Testament, he has left only his Moses, as an example of what he could and should have done. Raphael, on the other hand, was at work during his whole life, increasing all the time in facility. We see in him the development of the intellectual and active powers preserve such remarkable balance, that it may be affirmed, that no modern artist has possessed such purity and completeness of thought, and such clearness of expression. In him we have another instance of a talent that pours out to us the freshest water from the purest source. He is never affected,

but always feels, thinks, and works like a Greek. We see the fairest talent developed in the most favorable hours. The same thing occurred, under like conditions and circumstances, in the time of Pericles.

It may therefore be always maintained, that native talent is indispensable to production indeed, but equally indispensable is a commensurate development in the provinces of nature and art. Art cannot dispense with its prerogatives, and cannot achieve perfection without favorable outward circumstances.

Consider the school of the Caracci. Here was a groundwork of talent, earnestness, industry, and consecutive advantages; here was an element for the natural and artistic development of admirable powers. We see a whole dozen of excellent artists produced by it, each practising and cultivating his peculiar talent, according to the same general idea, so that it hardly seems possible, after times should produce anything similar.

Let us consider, moreover, the immense stride made by the highly gifted Rubens, into the world of art! He too was no son of earth; look at the rich inheritance he was heir to, from the old masters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, through all the admirable artists of the sixteenth, at the close of which he was born.

Again, think of the crowd of Dutch painters of the seventeenth century, whose great abilities found

development now at home, now south, now north, until we can no longer deny the incredible sagacity, with which their eye pierced into nature, and the facility with which they have succeeded in expressing her legitimate charm, so as to enchant us everywhere. Nay, in proportion as we possess the same qualities, we are willing for a time to limit ourselves exclusively to the examination and attraction of these productions, and are far from blaming those amateurs, who are contented with the possession and enjoyment of this class of pictures exclusively.

In the same way, we could bring an hundred examples, in support of our assertion. To see distinctly, to apprehend clearly, to impart with facility, — these are the qualities that enchant us ; and when we maintain, that all these are to be found in the genuine Greek works, united with the noblest subjects, the most exalted import, the most unerring and perfect execution, it will be seen why it is we always begin and end with them. Let each one in his own way be a Greek, but let him be a true Greek !

The same is true of literary merit. The comprehensible is always the first to seize upon us, and give us complete satisfaction. If we even take the works of one and the same poet, we shall find some that seem to indicate a degree of laborious effort, and others again affect us like natural products, because the talent was commensurate with the form and import. And once more, it is our firm belief,

that, although any age may give birth to the fairest talent, it is not given to all, to be able to develop it in its perfect proportions.

To conclude, we bring forward the instance of a modern artist, to show that we do not make too high demands, but are satisfied with works and subjects of a limited nature. Sebastian Bourdon, an artist of the sixteenth century, whose name every amateur is familiar with, but whose talent in its genuine direction has never received due praise, has left four plates etched by his own hand, making a complete series of "The Flight into Egypt."

In relation to the subject, we have to bear in mind, that the child is one of singular importance, of the most ancient princely descent, whose destiny it is to have an immense influence upon the world in after times; through whom the Old is to be destroyed, and the New built up in the place of it;—this child is borne in the arms of a most tender mother, under the protection of a prudent old man, and escapes, and is saved by divine assistance. The various scenes in this significant action, have been represented an hundred times, and have given birth to works of art, that have called for our highest admiration. We give the subjoined description, in order that the amateur, who has not these etchings at hand, may be able in some measure to decide as to the justice of our commendation. Joseph appears always as the principal personage; perhaps

the pictures were intended to adorn a chapel of that saint.

I.

The scene appears to be the stall at Bethlehem, immediately after the departure of the three pious magi; for beneath you still see the two well known beasts. In a room above you see Joseph at rest, making his bed of the pack, decorously enveloped in folds of drapery, and leaning against the high saddle, upon which the holy child is seen moving as if just awake. The mother, close beside him, is deeply engaged in prayer. In contrast with this quiet daybreak scene appears an angel, flying towards Joseph, pointing with animated action to a country, where the sight of temples and obelisks suggest a dream of Egypt. Carpenters' tools lie neglected on the ground.

II.

The family is halting amid ruins, after a heavy day's journey. Joseph appears to get a little rest standing, as he leans against the sturdy, heavy-laden beast, feeding from a stone trough. But an angel comes behind him, plucks his mantle, and points to the sea beyond. Joseph, looking upward, and pointing at the same time to the beast's fodder, seems to ask for a short space for the animal to bait. The

holy mother, busied about the child, looks round astonished at the strange dialogue, for the heavenly messenger seems to be invisible to her.

III.

This picture expresses admirably the hasty pilgrimage. They are leaving behind them on the right a large town situated on a hill. Keeping close to the bridle, Joseph leads the beast down a path, which appears the steeper because the eye does not trace it farther, and the sea appears directly behind the foreground. The mother, sitting on the saddle, takes no heed of danger; her looks are absorbed by the sleeping child. The speed of the fugitives is happily indicated, by their having already passed through the greater part of the picture, and being just on the point of disappearing on the left side.

IV.

Here, in entire contrast to the above, we see Joseph and Mary reposing by the stones of a well, in the middle of the picture. Joseph, standing behind, and leaning over, points to a prostrate idol in the foreground, and seems to be explaining this significant sign to the holy mother. She is earnest and attentive, holding the child at her breast, but you do not see what she is looking at. The disburthened beast browses in the background on the

rich green boughs. In the distance we recognize the obelisks, that were referred to in the dream. The palm trees show that we have arrived in Egypt.

All this the artist shows us in so narrow space, with light but happy strokes. Full and penetrating thought, spirited life, apprehension of the indispensable, omission of the unimportant, a light and rapid touch in the execution, — such are the qualities we admire in these plates, and of more than these there is no need; for here, as well as anywhere, do we find the end of art attained. Parnassus is a Mont Serrat, allowing of many settlements on its various stages; let each one go and look about him, and he will find some place, be it summit or nook.

LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

I.

GENERAL IDEA.

Severe mode of thinking of artists.

Whence derived.

The true artist is devoted to the significant, and for this reason the remains of the most ancient representations of landscape are all great, manifold, and elevated, in the highest degree.

Background in Mautegna's, triumphal procession.

Titian's landscapes.

Height, the element of significance in mountains and buildings;

From this cause comes steepness.

Distance, the element of the agreeable;

Whence comes openness of view around.

This describes all those who have found their subjects in the Tyrol, Salzburg, and elsewhere.

Albert Durer, and the rest of the early Germans, have all something of severity; the strangeness of their subjects lessens their freedom of hand, or else

they prefer such subjects, because their minds have grown to harmonize with them.

Thus they cannot represent nature, or even copy scenes, without falling into the strange, and becoming mannered.

In Paul Brill, this is softened, but he too loves a high horizon, and is never without rocky masses in the foreground, and distances full of variety.

Appearance of the Dutch painters,

Before Rubens.

Rubens himself.

After Rubens.

As an historical painter, his merit was not so much in seeking the significant, as in the power of imparting it to all subjects. In this respect his landscapes stand alone. There is no want of steep mountains and boundless distances, but he also knows how to impart something of his spirit to the most quiet, simple, and rustic objects, giving consequence and attractiveness to the least important.

Rembrandt's realism in regard to objects;

Light, shadow, and keeping, constitute his ideal.

Bolognese school.

The Caracci.

Grimaldi.

In Claude Lorraine, nature reveals itself for eternal.

The Poussins bring to it earnestness, height, the so-called heroic.

Impulse to their successors.

Finally, deviation in portrait landscapes.

II.

GENERAL IDEA.

Landscapes. In their origin subordinate to historical pictures.

Everywhere a steep character, because without height and depth, the distance cannot be made interesting.

Manly character of the early times.

Early art always full of portent, whence the landscapes have an earnest and menacing air.

Demand for richness,

Gives rise to high points of view, wide prospects.

Examples.

Breughel.

Paul Brill; highly cultivated, intellectual, and full of variety. See his Twelve Months, in six plates, and many engravings after him.

Jodocus Momper, Roland Savery.

Hermitages.

Gracefulness, gains ground by degrees.

The Caracci.

Domenichino.

Claude Lorraine.

Expansion over a clearer world, delicacy, effect of atmospheric appearances on the mind.

Nicholas Poussin.

Gaspar Poussin.

Heroic Landscape,

Represents an earth put to no use. A broken country without any tillage.

Earnest, not precisely idyllic, but simple men.

Decent dwellings, but without comfort.

Safety of inhabitants secured by towers and castles.

A school based on this idea; perhaps the only one of which it can be said, that the pure idea and mode of view of the masters was handed down without any remarkable change.

Glauber.

François Milet.

François de Neve.

Sebastian Bourdon.

Transition from the ideal to the real through topography.

Merian's wide horizon views.

The two sorts flourish together.

Final transition to *Views*, brought about principally by the English.

Similar to that from History to Portrait.

Later English, persevering in the connoisseurship of Claude and Poussin;

Leaning toward *Views*, but delighting in, and practising atmospheric effects in their compositions.

Opposed to this, stands the clear strong Hackert manner, his remarkable drawings from nature with lead-pencil and pen, on white paper, to which he gave force and keeping by the use of Sepia.

Studies of the English, on blue and gray paper,

in black chalk, slightly tinted with crayons; a little misty, but well composed and neatly executed.

III.

DETAILS.

When painting in the West, and especially in Italy, deserted its Eastern, Byzantine, mummy-like originals, its first great efforts were all directed to the human form, under which all holy and beatified subjects were represented. A chapel-like conception may be found in all these pictures, and was not unsuited to them, as they were always destined to adorn churches and chapels.

1. By degrees, art, in its progress, came to look around with freer eye into nature; but still only the significant and the dignified could be allowed to accompany the figures of persons. From this cause arose the choice of a high point of view, and the representation of rough crags, crowned with castles, rising with tower above tower, deep vallies, woods and waterfalls. These accessories, in the sequel, were made by degrees to assume a more important position; the figures were contracted within narrower and narrower limits, until they became at last only what we call landscape figures. But it was necessary that these landscapes, like the sacred pictures from which they had their rise, should be interesting throughout; so they were not only filled

up with whatever any one scene could supply, but a whole world of things was added beside, so that the spectator should have something to look at, and the purchaser should get some value in return for his money. Down from the high rocks, where you saw chamois climbing, fell waterfalls below waterfalls, among ruins and thickets. These streams were afterwards made use of for forges and mills; further down, they watered a rural plain; passing by large towns; presently bearing vessels of size; and at last losing themselves in the ocean. In the vacant spaces would be hunters and fishers, engaged in their pursuits, and a thousand other inhabitants of the earth, in full activity. The air had its birds, stags and does grazed in the glades of the forests; and we should never make an end, if we attempted to recount all that one was presented with at a single glance. To keep in view the original subject of the picture, down in one corner some holy hermit was to be seen. Jerom with the Lion, or Mary Magdalen clothed in sackcloth, were hardly ever wanting.

Titian, so far as he turned his attention to landscape, began, with admirable artistic feeling, to introduce less variety into his pictures. His works in this department have an altogether peculiar character. Wooden houses, rising in strange fashion one above another, scenes laid among the mountains, manifold hills, rippling lakes,— never without significant figures of man or beast. He lays his

beautiful children carelessly down naked on the grass, under the open sky.

3. Breughel's pictures exhibit scenes of singular variety. Here too we have a high horizon, an extensive prospect, and streams running down to the sea. But the outline of his mountains, though rough enough, is less steep, and they are remarkable for a sparse vegetation. Rock has everywhere the upper hand. The situation of his castles and houses is varied and characteristic; and the earnest expression of the sixteenth century is discernible throughout.

Paul Brill, an artist of great natural powers. The origin we have spoken of above, is still to be traced in his works; but all is freer, and more joyous in feeling, and the true character of landscape is marked. It is no longer a whole world, but significant, individual scenes, though still always embracing a wide extent.

His Twelve Months, in six separate plates, are an admirable instance of his knowledge and judgment in regard to localities, and the effect produced upon earthly scenes by human culture and habitation, and of his power to represent the same. It is particularly interesting to notice how he has succeeded in representing them in pairs, so as to make a complete picture out of the transition from one into the next.

We ought to mention also the Hermitages of Martin de Bos, engraved on copper, by John and

Raphael Sadeler. Here stand the figures of pious men and women, in harmony with the wild scenes around them; both are represented with great earnestness and artistic capacity.

4. The seventeenth century freed itself more and more from the timid conscientiousness of the older masters. The figures of the Caracci demand more space to move in. A great, beautiful, and significant outward world, is harmonized with the figures, and sometimes outweighs the human forms by the interest of the scene.

Dominichino's residence in Bologna made him delight in mountainous and solitary scenes. His delicate feeling, his masterly handling, the beauty of the figures that wander through his pictures, can never be too highly prized.

Of the free, distant, clear and rural style of Claude Lorraine, with its fairy architecture, we will only say, that he first achieved a free artistic expression in this department. Everybody knows his works, every artist emulates him, and every one feels, in a greater or less degree, that he must yield the palm to him.

5. Then arose the so-called heroic landscape, which seems to be inhabited by a race of men of few wants and great thoughts. Fields alternate with rocks and forests, broken hills and steep mountains, dwellings without convenience, but earnest and dignified; towers and castles, but no indication of present war, everywhere a world put

to no profit, no trace of field or garden culture; here and there a flock of sheep, suggesting the idea of the most ancient and simplest mode of deriving profit from the earth.

APHORISMS.

FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF FRIENDS AND OPPONENTS.

He who would write or dispute about art at the present time, ought to have some notion of what Philosophy has acomplished in our day, and is still accomplishing.

He who would reproach an author with obscurity, ought first to make an examination of himself, to be sure that he is inwardly clear. A very clear hand may not be legible by twilight.

He who would dispute, should make cautious use of the occasion, to say things that cannot be disputed.

He who disputes Maxims, ought to be capable of exhibiting them in a clear light, so as to fight within this light, and not place himself in the position of combating his own air-drawn fancies.

The obscurity of some Maxims is only relative. It is not possible to make clear to the hearer every-

thing that may be useful to him who puts them in practice.

An artist may produce excellent works, and yet not always be able to give an account of his own or others works.

Nature and Idea cannot be separated, without destroying art as well as life.

When artists speak of Nature, Idea is always understood, without their being clearly conscious of it.

So is it with all who prize experience exclusively. They forget that experience is only the half of experience.

First we hear of Nature, and the imitation thereof; then we suppose a beautiful nature. We must choose; but still the best; but how to recognize it? according to what standard shall we choose? and where is the standard then? is not it also in Nature?

And supposing the subject to be given, say the fairest tree in the forest, such as even the forester should acknowledge to be perfect in its kind. Now to change the tree into a picture, I must go about it to select the fairest side; I step to a sufficient distance, to take it in perfectly with my eye; I wait for a favorable light; and now how much of the natural tree shall be transferred to the paper?

The uninitiated may believe that; the artist, behind the scenes of his trade should be more enlightened.

That very thing that strikes the uncultivated as Nature, in a work of art, is not Nature (outward), but Man (inward nature).

We know no world, but in relation to man. We will have no art, except it be an expression of this relation.

He who first banished to the horizon of the picture, the points of aim for the manifold play of horizontal lines, discovered the principle of perspective.

He who first developed the harmony of colors, out of the Systole and Diastole, to which the Retina is formed, this Synkrisis and Diakrisis, as Plato would call it, was the discoverer of the principles of coloring.

Seek within yourself, and you will find everything; and rejoice that without, (as it may be always called) there lies a Nature, that says yea and amen to all you have discovered in yourself.

Many things may be discovered and made known for a long time, without producing any effect on the world; or the effect may be wrought, without its being observed, wrought, and yet not take hold of the multitude. This is the reason why the

history of inventions is so surrounded with strange riddles.

It is as hard to learn a thing from models, as from Nature.

The Form requires as thorough elaboration as the Material, nay, much more thorough.

Many a one has studied after the antique, and yet not wholly entered into its spirit. Is he to be reproached with this?

A higher standard, even if it be not fully attained, is better than a lower one, whose demands are entirely satisfied.

The dry simplicity, the hard strength, the timid correctness, and other similar characteristics of the ancient German school, belong naturally to every early and simple period of art. The old Venetians, Florentines, &c., had all the same qualities.

And are we Germans then only to esteem ourselves original, when we do not raise ourselves above these beginnings!

Because the incomparable talent of Albert Durer, did not suffice to raise him to the idea of the beauty of proportion, nor even of suitable adaptation, must we too, always stick to the ground?

Albert Durer's advantage lay in his deep, inward, realizing intuition; his lovely human sympathy with every present subject. He was injured by a cloudy, formless, groundless fancy.

How Martin Schön stands near him, and how German achievement then became narrowed, were interesting to show; and it would be useful to prove, that in those times, it was not evening all day long.

But yet in all the Italian schools, the butterfly did come out of the chrysalis.

Shall we forever crawl about like caterpillars, because, some northern artists find their account in it?

When Klopstock has freed us from rhyme, and Voss has given us models in prosody, shall we go back and make doggerel like Hans Sachs?

Let us then be many-sided. Märkische Rübschen are good, especially mixed with chesnuts, and these two noble fruits grow far asunder.

In our miscellaneous writings, allow us eastern and southern figures, no less than western and northern.

Man is only many-sided, when he strives after the highest, because he *must* (in earnestness), and descends to the lesser, when he *will* (i. e. to sportiveness).

HINTS TO YOUNG ARTISTS.

I.

The Dilettant, when he has done all he can, excuses his work by saying it is not yet finished. In fact it never can be finished, because it was not properly begun. The Master, with a few strokes, gives to his work an air of finish; finished or not, it is complete at every stage. The cleverest Dilettant feels his way amid uncertainty, and with each step of progress of the work, the insecurity of the foundation becomes more and more apparent. At the end, too late to correct it, the error first becomes evident; and thus the work is, in fact, not susceptible of finish.

In true art there are no preparatory schools, though there must be preparation, of which the best means is to have even the lowest scholar, take part in the work of the master. Color-grinding has been the first step of many excellent artists.

Another is the spirit of imitation, towards which the natural common activity of man is turned, through the influence of some talented artist, who performs the difficult with facility.

II.

Let the young artist frequent the dances of the peasants, on Sundays and holidays, mark their nat-

ural motions, giving the girls the garments of nymphs, and the boors the ears, or the goats feet of Satyrs. When he has learnt to seize Nature correctly, and give to the forms a nobler and freer carriage, all will be at a loss to know where he found it, and be ready to swear it was drawn from the Antique.

Moreover, when he meets with rope-dancers and circus-riders, let him not neglect to observe them carefully. Avoiding what is exaggerated, false, or mechanical, he may learn the infinity of graceful positions the human body is capable of.

Neither let him neglect the forms of beasts, but learn to form a general idea of horses and dogs, and turn his attention also to wild and foreign animals.

III.

Of necessity, the imitative artist must make studies after nature, with the value of which, in general, we are sufficiently impressed; but we will not deny that we are often vexed, when we see the misuse to which such praiseworthy efforts are liable.

It is our conviction that the young artist should make few, if any studies from Nature, without thinking, at the same time, how each piece might be rounded into a whole; how he might make this

object, changed into an agreeable picture, and enclosed in a frame, produce a pleasing impression upon the connoisseur and the lover of art.

Many beauties stand isolated in the world. To discover modes of bringing them together, and thus produce works of art, — this is the office of the mind. The flower derives a charm from the insect that rests on it, the drops of dew that moisten it, the vase from which it draws its last nourishment. There is no bush, no tree, to which the neighborhood of a rock or a spring does not impart significance, or which does not borrow an added charm from a simple, appropriate distance. The same holds of human forms, and beasts of all sorts.

The advantages the young artist will derive from this course will be manifold. He learns to think, to unite things that go well together, and if he continues in this way to compose thoughtfully, he cannot fail to arrive, at last, at what is called invention, the development of the manifold out of the special.

If by this means he satisfies the demands of a true artistic training, he gains moreover the advantage, which is by no means to be despised, of producing agreeable and charming designs, that connoisseurs will eagerly purchase.

Works of this sort do not require to be carried out and finished in the highest degree. When they show a clear eye, a good perception and execution,

they are often more pleasing to the amateur than greater and more finished works.

Let the young artist keep his studies for examination, in books and portfolios, and reflect upon all those that he has by the above method succeeded in making interesting or valuable.

We are not now speaking of the Higher, of which we might also speak, but what we say is by way of admonition, to turn back the learner from a wrong path, and referring at the same time to the higher.

Let the artist but pursue this method for half a year, practically, and use neither charcoal nor brush without the intention of making into a picture the present natural scene. If he has native talent, it will soon display itself, which is the object we wished to forward by these hints.

IV.

When I have asked young German painters, especially those who have passed some time in Italy, why they exhibit to the eye such a disagreeably bright tone, and seem to shun all harmony, they have answered, with complacency and confidence, that was precisely the way Nature appeared to them.

Kant has made us aware that there was a criticism of reason; that there was ground for keeping

watch over this highest power that man is possessed of. What advantage has been derived from this, we may each have proved in his own experience. In the same sense I would advance the proposition, that a *criticism of sense* is necessary, if art generally, and particularly German art, is to raise itself again, and advance with a cheerful and life-like step.

The man who is born to the possession of reason, is not independent of farther culture, which he may receive from the care of friends and instructors, through quiet example of others, or harsh experience of his own. In the same way the artist is born, *progressive*, but not *complete*. He may bring a fresh eye to the world, may have a happy conception of form, proportion, movement; but in regard to higher composition, keeping, light, shade, color, his natural talents may be insufficient, without his being aware of it.

If, therefore, he feels no inclination to learn, from the complete artists of the past and present time, that which he is in want of to become a proper artist, he will fall short of his own powers, in the false idea of guarding his originality. For not only all that is born with us, but also all that we are able to inherit, belongs to and is a part of us.

UPON DILETTANTISM,

OR

PRACTICAL AMATEURSHIP IN THE ARTS.

[*Note to the Essay on Dilettantism.* — In giving a translation of this singular work, it seems desirable to say a few words by way of presenting it to the reader in the right point of view. It may be said, that in this country we have nothing of that wide-spread Dilettantism, that forms so remarkable a feature in European civilization, and that, whether it be good or evil, we are too busy a people to anticipate its having any deep hold among us. But whoever reads with attention this masterly short-hand analysis of the clear-sighted German, will be surprised to find that the subject has the strongest possible bearing on our present condition, and that in fact, with rare exceptions, all our art, all our literature, falls inevitably within his definition of Dilettantism.

It was the belief of our author, and, though opposed to the common belief, it is worthy of deep consideration, that, what we call genius, may and does appear in any age, but that the most fortunate conjunction of circumstances, conducive to the development of such genius, is required to educate the great artist, the great poet. From this belief naturally follows, in the second place, that it is of immense importance that the artist should take hold of art by the right side. This true side is distinguished as *Art*, in opposition to the false side, which is *Dilettantism*. Now, in our country, every tendency is opposed to a true artistic culture, yet there is an intense thirst for the gratification

that all men derive from works of art; and this demand our so-called artists and poets supply, after their fashion. But true art springs not from an outward demand of the public, but from an inward demand in the soul of the artist.

This Essay may be defined as an inquiry concerning the true and false point of art; and with a degree of fulness of knowledge, of sharpness and refinement of view, that perhaps no one but Goethe ever combined, it is carried into every art. Even gardening and dancing, which, as fine arts, we are so little acquainted with, are not omitted. At the same time, it must be admitted, that an almost algebraic brevity of statement prevails, and that it is a work to be studied rather than read. If the reader do not at first discover its drift, we would only suggest, that whatever other question is made concerning Goethe, no one doubts his infinite critical acumen; that, in his circumstances, there was a remarkable analogy with that of every artist or literary man, who is born in a period of false direction in art, and that, therefore, if there be an appearance of obscurity, there is always a strong probability that a more careful study will elicit a meaning that will repay the effort.]

INTRODUCTORY AND GENERAL.

The Italians call every artist *Maestro.*

When they see one who practises an art without making a profession of it, they say, — *Si diletta.* Their expression of polite amusement and wonder, shows their thoughts on the subject.

The word *dilettant* is not found in old Italian. It is found in no dictionary, not even the Cruscan.

It is found only in Jagemann. According to him, it means a Lover of Art, who is not satisfied with viewing and enjoying, but would also practise it.

Traces in ancient times.

Traces after the revival of the arts.

Widely extended in late times.

Cause thereof.

The practice of art made a requisite in education.

In speaking of Dilettants, we except the case of one born with a real talent for art, but prevented by circumstances from receiving an artistic cultivation.

We speak only of those who, without any particular talent for this or that art, only give way to the natural imitative tendency in them.

Upon the German word pfuschen (to botch).

Its derivation.

Refers to handicraft.

Handicraft expresses, that a certain dexterity has been acquired according to rule, and is practised in the exactest fashion, after the prescription and under the protection of law.

Institution of Guilds (Innungen), especially in Germany.

The various nations have no proper word therefor.

Idea expressed by the term.

The Dilettant holds the same relation to the Artist, that the botcher does to the craftsman.

It may be maintained of Art, that it is in like manner, learned according to rules, and practised according to law; only that its rules are not, like those of a handicraft, everywhere recognized, and the laws of the so-called free arts, are spiritual and not civil.

Derivation of botch-work (pfuscherei).

Advantage.

Genealogy of Dilettantism.

Dilettant honored.

Artist neglected.

Cause.

Certainty of a widely extended enjoyment of life, is commonly the basis of all empirical estimation.

We have taken such certainty-maxims into our *morale*, without being aware of it.

Birth, valor, riches.

One sort of possession, ensures outward enjoyment.

Genius and Talent have an inward certainty, but in their outward relation are peculiarly uncertain.

They are not always in harmony with the conditions and wants of the time.

In barbarous times they were prized as something wonderful.

They are not certain of applause.

Which must be secured by begging or flattering.

On which account those artists are worst off, who must in person court the applause of the moment.

Rhapsodists, players, musicians.

With rare exceptions, artists live in a sort of voluntary poverty.

It was obvious in all times, that the condition of the artist had in it something desirable and enviable.

Origin of Dilettantism.

General prevalence, I will not say of a high regard for the arts, but of its mixture with civil existence, and a sort of legitimation of the same.

The Artist is born so.

He is by nature a privileged person.

He is obliged to practise something, that every one cannot do like him.

And yet he cannot be thought of as alone.

Neither would be alone.

The work of art calls for men to enjoy it.

And for wider participation in it.

All men have an inexpressible inclination for the enjoyment of works of art.

The nearest participator would be the true connoisseur, would have a lively and full enjoyment.

As great as any, nay, greater.

Because he sees at the same time the cause and effect.

Transition to practical Dilettantism.

Man experiences and enjoys nothing, without forthwith becoming productive.

This is the most central property of human nature; nay, it may be said it is human nature itself.

Unconquerable impulse to the same.

The passion for imitation has no connexion with inborn genius for these things.

Example of children.

They are allured by every species of activity that comes before their eyes.

Soldiers, players, rope-dancers.

They take an object impossible for them to attain, such as they see attained only by the practice and capacity of riper years.

Their means become their aims.

Aim of children.

Mere sport.

Opportunity to exercise the passions.

How near the resemblance between them and Dilettants.

Dilettantism of women.

Dilettantism of rich people.

Dilettantism of people of quality.

Is a sign of a certain degree of progress.

All Dilettants take hold of art on the weak side (by the weak end).

Immediate wish to exhibit fancy pictures.

Passion instead of earnestness.

Relation of Dilettantism to Pedantry, handicraft.

Dilettantic state of the Artist.

Where lies the distinction.

A higher or lower degree of empiricism.

False praise of Dilettantism.

Unjust blame.

Means by which the Dilettant can find his proper place.

Born artists, prevented by circumstances from cultivating themselves, we have already excepted.

A rare case.

Many Dilettants flatter themselves they are of this class.

But with them there is always a false direction, which comes to nothing.

They do little good to themselves, to artists, or to art.

But, on the contrary, much harm.

Yet neither man, the artist, nor art can forego an enjoying, understanding, and in some measure practical participation.

Object of the present writing.

Difficulty of execution.

Brief description of an embodied dilettantism.

The philosophers needed.

The schoolmasters.

Benefit for the next generation.

Dilettantism presupposes Art, as botch-work does handicraft.

Idea of Artist, in opposition to Dilettant.

Practice of Art scientifically.

Adoption of an objective Art.

Legitimate progress and advancement.

Calling and profession.

Connexion with a world of Art and Artists.

Schools.

The Dilettant does not hold the same relation to all the arts.

All the arts have an objective and a subjective

side, and according as one or the other of these is predominant, the Dilettant has value or not.

Where the subjective of itself is of great importance, the Dilettant must and can approximate to the artist. For instance, oratory, lyrical poetry, music, dance.

Where the reverse is the case, there is a more marked distinction between Artist and Dilettant, as in architecture, the arts of design, epic and dramatic poetry.

Art itself gives laws, and commands the time.

Dilettantism follows the lead of the time.

When masters in art follow a false taste, the Dilettant expects so much the sooner to reach the level of art.

The Dilettant, receiving his first impulse to self-production from the effect of works of art on him, confounds these effects with the objective causes and motives, and would now make the state of feeling he has been put into, productive and practical; as if out of the fragrance of flowers one should try to reproduce flowers themselves.

The *speaking to the feelings*, the last effect of all poetical organization, but which presupposes the concurrence of the whole of art, seems to the Dilettant to be the thing itself, and out of it he endeavors to produce.

In general, the Dilettant, in his ignorance of himself, puts the passive in the place of the active, and

because he receives a lively impression from effects, thinks from these impressed effects to produce other effects.

The peculiar want of the Dilettant, is the *Architectonic*, in the highest sense,— that practical power which creates, forms, constitutes. Of this he has only a sort of misgiving, and submits himself to his material, instead of commanding it.

It will be found that the Dilettant runs particularly to neatness, which is the completion of the thing in hand, wherefrom a sort of illusion arises, as if the thing itself were worthy of existing. The same holds of accuracy (*accuratesse*), and all the last conditions of Form, which can just as well accompany the formless.

General ground, upon which Dilettantism is allowable.

When the Dilettant subjects himself to the severest rules in the outset, and undertakes to complete all the successive steps, with the greatest strictness; which he can the better afford to do, inasmuch as, 1. He will not be hankering after the end; and, 2d. if he would retreat, he has prepared the surest path to connoisseurship.

In opposition to the general maxim, the Dilettant will also be exposed to more severe criticism than the Artist, who, resting upon a secure basis of art, incurs less danger in departing from rules, and may even by that means enlarge the province of art itself. The true artist rests firmly and securely

upon himself. His endeavor, his mark, is the highest aim of art. In his own estimation he will always be far from that aim, and necessarily, therefore, will be always modest in regard to art, or the idea of art, and will maintain that he has as yet accomplished little, no matter how excellent his work may be, or how high his consciousness of superiority, in reference to the world, may reach. Dilettants, or rather botchers, seem, on the other hand, not to strive towards an aim, not to see what is beyond, but only what is beside them. On this account they are always comparing, are for the most part extravagant in their praise, unskilful where they blame, have an infinite deference for their like, thus giving themselves an air of friendliness and fairness, which is in fact only to exalt themselves.

PARTICULAR APPLICATION.

DILETTANTISM IN PAINTING.

The Dilettant shuns all that relates to principles, neglects the acquisition of the requisite knowledge, in order to come at once to practice; confounds Art with Material.

Thus, for instance, we never find a Dilettant who draws well, for in that case he would be on the road to art.

Dilettants often turn their attention to Encaustic

and Mosaic, because they put the duration of the work in the place of art. Still oftener, they occupy themselves with etching, because the multiplication pleases them.

They are curious in artifice, manner, modes of working, arcana, because in general they cannot raise themselves beyond the idea of mechanical dexterity, and think, if they can only acquire the trick of hand, they will have no farther difficulty to surmount.

It is on this account, namely, the want among Dilettants of a true idea of art, that they always prefer the Many and the Indifferent, or the Rare and Costly, to the Choice and Good. We find many Dilettants with great collections. Nay, it may be said that all great collections have their origin in Dilettantism; for it prospers best, particularly when its quest is aided by means, in *raking together*. Its object is to possess, not to choose with understanding, and be content with the possession of a few good things.

Dilettants have for the most part a patriotic tendency. Thus, a German Dilettant not seldom interests himself for German art exclusively; hence the collections of engravings and paintings of German masters only.

Two bad habits are often met with in Dilettants, and are to be ascribed in like manner to the want of a true notion of art. The first is, they would be of consequence; that is, would have their applause

of importance, would stamp the artist. In the second place, the artist, who is the true connoisseur, has an unconditional and entire interest in art, and devotion to it. The Dilettant has never more than a half interest; he regards all as a sport and pastime; has, for the most part, some by-object, some propensity to satisfy, some whim to indulge, and seeks to avoid coming to a reckoning with the world, and the demands of good taste, by the apology, that in the purchase of works of art, he hopes to accomplish some good end, — to aid a promising artist, or help a poor family in distress; such have always been the reasons why Dilettants have bought this or that. Thus, on the one hand, they seek to show their taste, on the other, to free it from suspicion.

Amateurship in Landscape, presupposes a highly cultivated art.

Portrait painting.

Sentimental poetic tendency, also gives rise to Dilettantism, in the arts of design. Shakspeare. Engraved illustrations of poems.

Silhouettes.

Urns.

Works of art as furniture.

All Frenchmen are Dilettants in the arts of design, as an integral part of education.

Amateurs in Miniature.

Lay everything to knack.

Love of allegory and allusion.

DILETTANTISM IN ARCHITECTURE.

Scarcity of good architects, in proportion to the desire there is for fine architecture, drives to Dilettantism; especially when the rich lovers of architecture are scattered at wide intervals.

Travel in Italy and France, and particularly amateurship in gardens, have fostered this Dilettantism.

Dilettants prefer to go back to the origin of Architecture. *a*) Rough wood, bark, &c. *b*) Heavy architecture, Doric columns. *c*) Imitation of Gothic Architecture. *d*) Architecture of fancy and sentiment. *e*) Miniature aping of great forms.

On account of its apparent freedom from restrictions, it seems easier than it really is, and thus we are more easily led into it.

IN THE ART OF GARDENING.

French style of gardening, considered on its good side, and especially *vis-à-vis* the present taste.

English taste has the basis of the useful, which the French must sacrifice.

The apish imitation of the English taste has the appearance of the useful.

Chinese taste.

DILETTANTISM IN LYRICAL POETRY.

The fact, that the German language was in the beginning applied to poetry, not by any one great poetic genius, but through merely middling heads, must inspire Dilettantism with confidence to essay itself in it.

The cultivation of French literature and language has made even Dilettants more artistic.

The French were always more rigorous, tended to severer correctness, and demanded even of Dilettants taste and spirit within, and externally a faultless diction.

In England, Dilettantism held more by Latin and Greek.

Sonnets of the Italians.

Impudence of the later Dilettantism, originated and maintained through reminiscences of a richly cultivated poetic dialect, and the facility of a good mechanical exterior.

Polite literature of universities, induced by a modern method of study.

Lady poems.

Schön-geisterei (Bel esprît).

Musen-almanacks. (Our annuals?)

Journals.

Fashion and extension of translations.

Immediate transition from the classes and the university to authorship.

Epoch of ballads, and songs of the people.

Gessner, poetic prose.
Carlsruhers, &c. revival of fine authors in the past.
Imitation of the bards.
Bürger's influence on the Lyre.
Rhymeless verses.
Klopstockean odes.
Claudius.
Wieland's laxity.
In earlier times,
Latin verses.
Pedantism.
More handicraft.
Skill, without poetic spirit.

DILETTANTISM IN PRAGMATIC POETRY.

Reasons why the Dilettant hates the powerful, the passionate, the characteristic, and only represents the middling, the moral.

The Dilettant never paints the object, but only the feeeling it gives rise to in him.

He avoids the character of the object.

All Dilettantic creations in this style of poetry will have a pathological character, and express only the attractions and repulsions felt by their author.

The Dilettant thinks to reach poetry by means of his wits.

Dramatic botchers go mad when they desire to give effect to their work.

DILETTANTISM IN MUSIC.

In ancient times a greater influence upon passionate life, by means of portable stringed instruments, which gave more room for a simple expression of sentiment.

Medium of gallantry.

In later times piano-forte and violin.

More stress laid upon mechanical dexterity, difficulty, and art; less intimate connexion with life and passion.

Passes into concerts.

More food for vanity.

Song and opera existence.

False hopes of implanting national feeling or æsthetic spirit by means of composed people-songs (volks-lieder).

Social, table, drinking, and free-mason songs.

IN THE DANCE.

In former times pedantry and indifference. Uniformity.

In later times; formlessness; from which arise wildness, violence, application of strength.

Distinction between representative, näive, and characteristic Dances.

Representative, make beauty of form, and motion of importance, and possess dignity, (Minuet.)	Fall easily into stiffness.
Näive, belonging to a livelier state, are more free and agreeable.	Fall easily into extravagance.
Characteristic, approach the boundary of objective art.	Run easily into caricature.

DILETTANTISM IN DRAMATIC ART.

French comedy is, even among amateurs, *obligato*, and a social institution.

Italian amateur-comedy, is founded on a puppet, or puppet-like, representation.

Germany, in former times, Jesuit-schools.

In later times; French Amateur-comedies, for aiding the cultivation of the language, in noble houses.

Mixing up of ranks in German Amateur-comedy.

Conditions, under which, in any case, a moderate practice in theatrical matters may be harmless and allowable, or even in some measure advantageous.

Permanence of the same company.

To avoid passionate pieces, and choose such as are reflective and social.

To admit no children, or very young persons.

Greatest possible strictness in outward forms.

ADVANTAGES OF DILETTANTISM, IN GENERAL.

It prevents an entire want of cultivation.

Dilettantism is a necessary consequence of a general extension of art, and may even be a cause of it.

It can, under certain circumstances, excite and develop a true artistic talent.

Elevates handicraft to a certain resemblance to art.

Has a civilizing tendency.

Substitutes a certain idea of art, in the place of ignorance, and extends it to where the artist would not be able to reach.

Gives occupation to productive power, and cultivates something serious in man.

Appearances are changed into ideas.

Teaches to analyze impressions.

Aids the appropriation and reproduction of forms.

ADVANTAGES OF DILETTANTISM, IN DETAIL.

IN THE ARTS OF DESIGN.

Learning to see.

Knowledge of the principles by which we see.

Changing the subject of a picture, i. e. the visible filling up, so far as it is unimportant.

Knowledge of forms, i. e. the filling up, so far as it is important.

Learning to analyze. All commence with a simple impression (without analysis). The next step is to analyze, and the third is the return from the analysis to the feeling of the whole, which is the Æsthetic.

The Dilettant enjoys this advantage in common with the Artist, in contrast to the merely passive observer.

IN ARCHITECTURE.

Awakens the free productive force.

Is the speediest and most immediate transition from material to form, thus expressing the highest need in man.

It awakes and develops the feeling for the lofty, to which it for the most part inclines, rather than to the beautiful.

It introduces order and proportion, and teaches to strive after an appearance of beauty, and a certain freedom even in the needful and necessary.

The general advantage of Dilettantism, its civilizing tendency, and its substituting, and extending a certain artistic sense in the place of ignorance, where the artist cannot reach, applies particularly to architecture.

IN THE ART OF GARDENING.

Ideal in the Real.

Striving after form, in formless masses.

Choice.

Beautiful grouping.

Making a picture out of a reality; in short the first step into art.

A well cared for and beautiful neighborhood, has always a beneficial effect on society.

IN LYRICAL POETRY.

Cultivation of language in general.

More manifold interest "in humanioribus," in contrast to the crudeness of the ignorant, or the pedantic narrowness of the mere man of business, or pedant.

Cultivation of the feelings and of the verbal expression of the same.

The cultivated man ought to be able to express his feelings with poetic beauty.

Ideal view of objects of common life.

Cultivation of the imagination, especially as an integral part of the culture of the intellect.

Awaking and direction of the productive imagination to the highest functions of the mind in the sciences and practical life.

Cultivation of the sense of the rhythmical.

There being no objective laws, either for the internal or external construction of a poem, the amateur ought to hold fast to acknowledged models, so much the more strongly than the master does, and rather imitate the good that exists, than strive after originality; and in the external and metrical parts, follow strictly the well-known general rules.

And as the Dilettant can only form himself after models, he ought, in order to avoid one-sidedness, to acquire the most universal knowledge of all models, and survey the field of poetic literature yet more perfectly, than is required of the artist himself.

IN MUSIC.

More profound education of the sense.

Recognition of mathematical precision in the organ, and its application to the aims of sentiment and beauty.

Favors a social connexion and entertainment, without any fixed interest.

Helps to an ideal existence, even when music only calls to the dance.

IN THE DANCE.

Flexibility, and possibility of beautiful motions.

Feeling and practice of rhythm, in all motions.

Æsthetic significance of movements.

Cultivation of the physical powers, preparation of the body for all possible physical accomplishments.

Musical tuning of the body.

Proportion in movement, between too much and not enough.

Possibility of a graceful carriage.

Possibility of sympathetic action in an exalted state.

IN THE DRAMATIC ART.

Opportunity of farther cultivation in declamation.

Attention to one's own representations.

Participates in the advantages predicated of Dancing.

Exercise of the memory.

Sensible attention and accuracy.

DISADVANTAGES OF DILETTANTISM, IN GENERAL.

The Dilettant jumps over the steps, stops at certain steps which he regards as the end, and from which he thinks himself justified in judging of the whole; prevents also his perfectibility.

He subjects himself to the necessity of working by false rules, because he cannot work even as a Dilettant without some rules, and he does not understand the true objective rules.

He departs more and more from the truth of objects, and loses himself in subjective errors.

Dilettantism takes its element from art and spoils art's public, by depriving it of its earnestness and strictness.

All tendency to predilection, destroys art and dilettantism, brings in indulgence and favor. At the expense of the true artists, it brings into notice those that stand nearest to Dilettantism.

In Dilettantism the loss is always greater than the gain.

From handicraft the way is open to rise to art, but not from botch-work.

Dilettantism favors the indifferent, partial, and characterless.

Injury Dilettants do to art, by bringing artists down to their level.

Can bear no good artist near them.

In all cases, where the art itself has no proper regulative power, as in Poetry, the Art of Gardening, the Drama, the injury Dilettantism does is greater, and its pretensions more arrogant. The worst case is that of the Drama.

DISADVANTAGES OF DILETTANTISM, IN DETAIL.

IN ARCHITECTURE.

On account of the great difficulty of giving character to architecture, of imparting variety and beauty, the Dilettant, unable to attain to these, must, according to the tendency of his time, run either into the meagre and overloaded, or the heavy and unmeaning. But an architectural work, being dependent on beauty for its existence, if it have not this, is wholly null.

On account of its ideal nature, it is more easy

than in any other art to run into the Fantastic, which does more injury here than anywhere else.

Since it is only the few, who are able to raise themselves to a free culture, according to the laws of pure beauty, the architectural Dilettant easily falls into sentimental and allegorical architecture, seeking in this way to superinduce the character, which he does not know how to find in beauty.

Architectural Dilettantism, without being able to accomplish the object of beauty, fails usually in the physical aim of building, utility and convenience.

The publicity and permanence of architectural works, renders the injurious effect of Dilettantism, in this department, more universal and enduring; and perpetuates false taste, for the reason that in the arts generally; the conspicuous and widely-known serves again for models.

The earnest aim of beautiful architectural works gives them a harmony with the most important and exalted moments of man, and botch-work, in this case, does him an injury in the very point where he might be most capable of perfectibility.

IN THE ART OF GARDENING.

The real treated as a work of fancy.

Garden-dilettantism runs into a sort of endlessness; 1. because it is not fixed and limited in the idea; 2. because the material is always undergoing accidental changes, and so always counteracts the idea.

Garden-dilettantism often puts the nobler arts to an unworthy use, and makes their earnest aim subservient to the end of amusement.

Favors a sentimental and fantastic nullity.

Lessens the exalted in nature, and while it imitates, removes it.

Perpetuates the reigning error of the time, viz. the wish to be free from condition and restraint in the æsthetic, and to let the fancy have free scope, while there is not, as in the other arts, any means to correct, and keep it within the bounds of propriety.

Mixing up of nature and art.

Producing an effect with mere outside appearance.

The erections it gives rise to are light, slender, wood and board constructions, and destroy the idea of solid architecture. They destroy the feeling for it. The thatched roof, the wooden screens all give an inclination for card-house architecture.

IN LYRICAL POETRY.

Belles-lettre, shallowness, and emptiness, withdrawal from solid studies; or superficial treatment.

A greater danger exists in this, than in the other arts, of mistaking a merely Dilettantic dexterity for a true genius for art, and in this case, the subject is worse off than in any other Dilettantism, because its existence becomes an entire nullity; for the poet is nothing at all except through earnestness and conformity to art.

Dilettantism in general, but especially in poetry, weakens the feeling and perception for the good that lies beyond it, and whilst it is indulgent to a restless desire to produce, which leads it to nothing perfect, robs itself of all the culture it might derive through the perception of foreign excellencies.

Poetical Dilettantism may be of two sorts. Either it neglects the (indispensable) mechanical, and thinks enough done if it shows mind and feeling; or, it seeks poetry only in the mechanical, acquiring a technical dexterity therein, but without spirit or significance. Both are injurious, but the former rather injures the art, and the latter the subject.

All Dilettants are Plagiarists. They enervate and pull to pieces all that is original in manner or matter, and at the same time, imitate, copy, and piece out their own emptiness with it. Thus the language gets filled with phrases and formulas stolen from all sides, and which have no longer any meaning, and you may read whole books through, written in a fine *style*, and containing nothing. In a word, all that is really beautiful and good in true poetry, is profaned, rendered common, and degraded.

IN PRAGMATICAL POETRY.

All the disadvantages of Dilettantism in Lyrical poetry, apply here in a far higher degree. Not the art alone, but the subject also, suffers more.

Mixing up of different kinds.

IN MUSIC.

When the culture of the musical-dilettant is autodidactic, and composition as well as practice not acquired under the strict supervision of a master, there results a painful, uncertain, unsatisfactory effort; because the musical-dilettant, unlike those in the other arts, can produce no effects without a knowledge of artistic rules.

Dilettantism in music, more than any other dilettantism, makes its possessor less sympathizing and less capable of receiving enjoyment from the works of others, and also narrows down the subject, which it seizes in its one-sided and characteristic form.

IN THE DANCE.

Want of unity in the limbs, and affectation.

Stiffness and pedantry.

Caricature.

Vanity.

False training of the body.

Want of character, and emptiness.

Loose and negligent style.

Mannered style, through the exaggeration of beautiful movements.

Either stiff and painful, or rude and disproportioned.

(Both extremes prevented by the pleasing and significant.)

Inclines society to a sensual vagueness.

Unmeaning and one-sided direction given to bodily appearance.

Dancing should therefore have its Masters of the Art, because Dilettantism either leads to uncertainty and timidity, hindering freedom and limiting the powers, or else runs into vanity and thence to emptiness.

IN THE DRAMA.

Caricature of one's own faulty individuality.

Incapacitates the mind for all occupation, through the illusion of a fantastic mode of viewing objects.

Expense of interest and passion, without fruit.

Eternal circle of monotonous, ever repeated, ineffectual activity.

(There is nothing so attractive to Dilettants as comedy-rehearsals. Professed actors hate them.)

Partial forbearance towards theatrical Dilettants; feeding them with applause.

Eternal inclination towards a passionate condition and behavior, without balance.

Feeding all hateful passions with the worst results for civil and household existence.

Blunting the feeling for poetry.

Use of exalted language for commonplace sentiments.

A rag-fair of thoughts, commonplaces, and descriptions in the memory.

Pervading affectation and manner, reaching also into life.

Most injurious indulgence towards the indifferent and faulty, in a public and quite personal case.

The general tolerance for the home-made, becomes in this case more eminent.

Most pernicious use of amateur comedies for the education of children, where it all turns to nonsense. In the same manner, the most dangerous of all amusements for universities, &c.

Destruction of the ideality of art, because the Dilettant, not being able to raise himself through the appropriation of artistic ideas and traditions, must do all through a pathological reality.

THE END.


ESAATS
ON
AXT

Date Due

All library items are subject to recall at any time.

FEB 04 2008		
FEB 29 2008		
FEB 29 2008		
MAR 30 2009		